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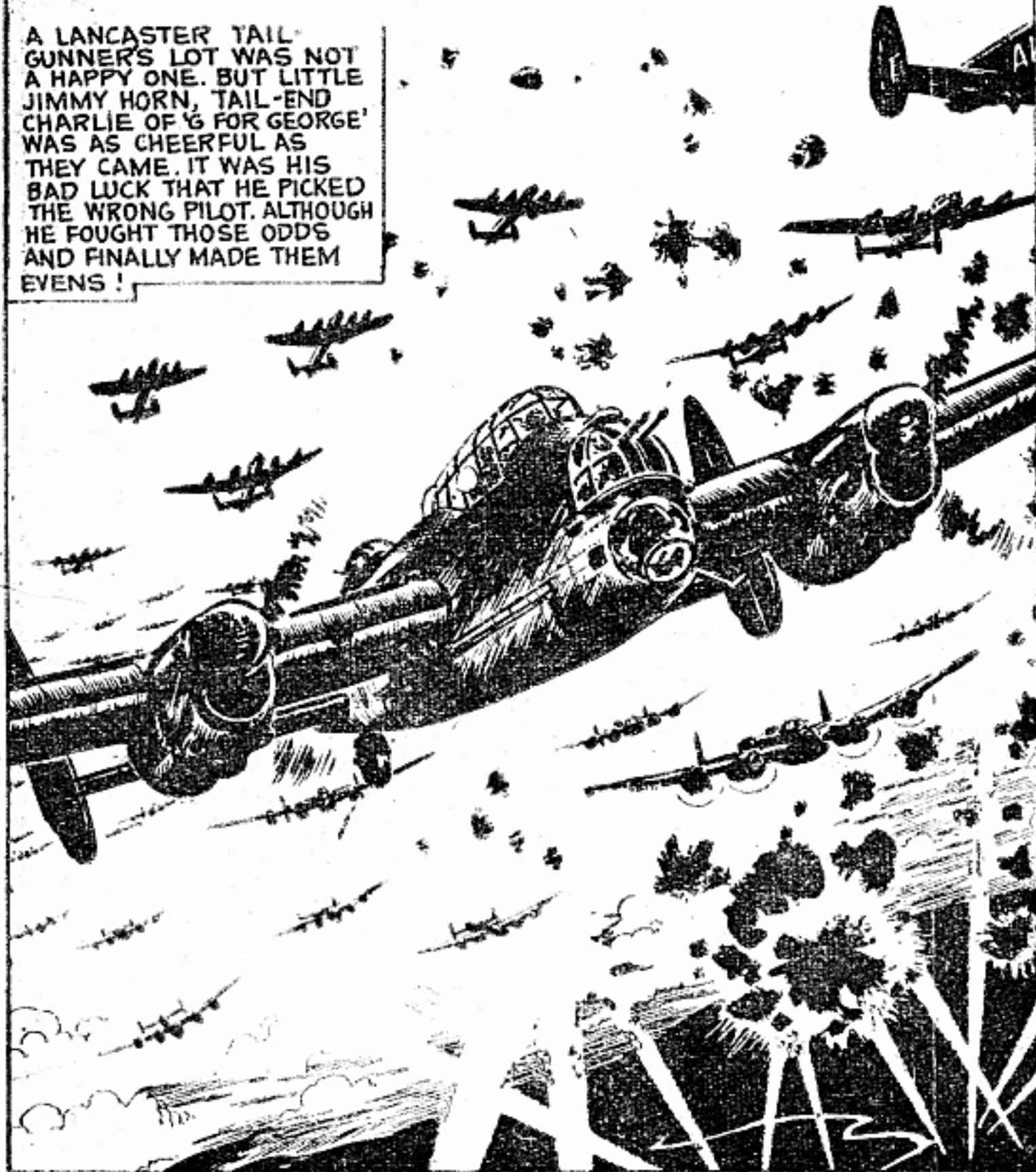
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ROGUE LANCASTER

A LANCASTER TAIL-GUNNER'S LOT WAS NOT A HAPPY ONE. BUT LITTLE JIMMY HORN, TAIL-END CHARLIE OF 'G FOR GEORGE' WAS AS CHEERFUL AS THEY CAME. IT WAS HIS BAD LUCK THAT HE PICKED THE WRONG PILOT. ALTHOUGH HE FOUGHT THOSE ODDS AND FINALLY MADE THEM EVENS !



Chapter 1. *True Colours*

WHEN THE DEADLY SEARCHLIGHT CONE CAUGHT LANCASTER 'G FOR GEORGE', IT SHONE FIERCELY INTO OPEN BOMB DOORS... FOR 'GEORGE' WAS ALREADY ON THE RUN-UP TO IT'S TARGET. THAT TARGET WAS EMDEN ON A WINTER'S NIGHT IN 1943...

COR! I
NEED DARK
GLASSES!

WEAVE,
SKIPPER--GET
OUT OF IT! WE'RE
LIKE A CLAY
PIGEON, STUCK IN
THIS BEAM.

BUT FLYING OFFICER JAN DE GROOT, THE STOLID DUTCH PILOT, SAID NOTHING. HE SAT GRIPPING THE CONTROLS, LIKE A BUS-DRIVER WAITING AT TRAFFIC LIGHTS...

HOLD STEADY, BOMB-
AIMER! RUN-UP!
SHE'S ALL YOURS--!

FOR PETE'S SAKE,
SKIPPER, ARE YOU
TRYING TO GET US BLOWN
OUT OF THE SKY?

DOWN ON THE BOMB-AIMER'S PAD, SHORTY JONES WAS BLINDED BY THE GLARE THERE WAS ONLY ONE THING HE COULD DO... HIS THUMB PRESSED THE BOMB-RELEASE...

DE GROOT MUST BE OFF HIS HEAD! CAN'T SEE MY HAND LET ALONE THE TARGET-MARKERS!

SEVEN TONS LIGHTER FROM THE RELEASE OF THE BOMBS, THE LANCASTER BUCKED UP THROUGH THE FLAK-TORN DARKNESS...

WE AREN'T ON TARGET, BOMB-AIMER... WAS THAT A DELIBERATE ERROR?

HAVE SOME SENSE, SKIPPER--WHAT ELSE COULD SHORTY DO? AND SHIFT THAT STEERING COLUMN OR IT'LL BE CURTAINS FOR ALL OF US!

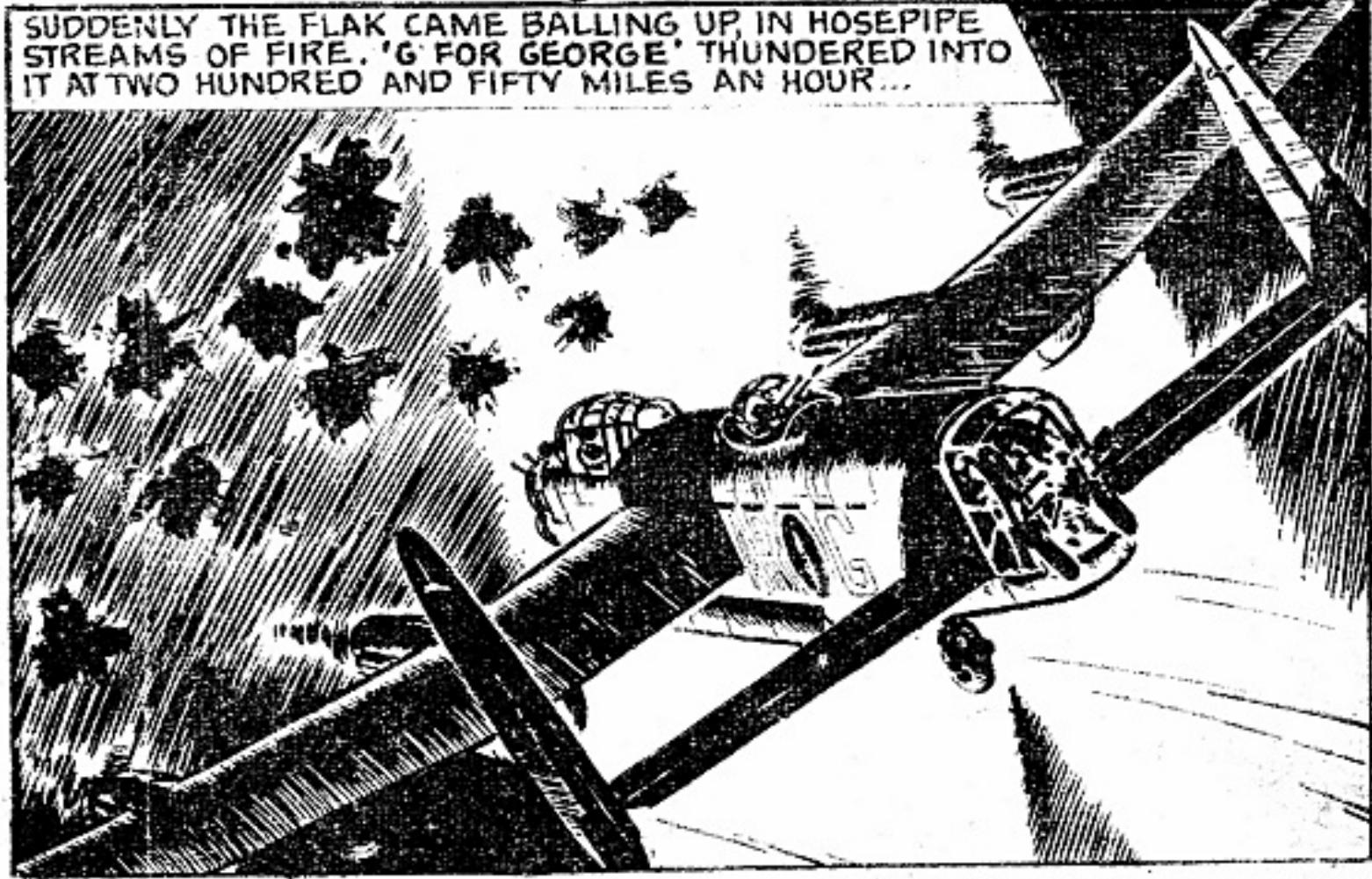
PODEROUSLY, DE GROOT STARTED THROWING THE HEAVY BOMBER. BUT THE SEARCHLIGHT CONE STUCK LIKE GLUE...

WE ARE TAKING EVASIVE ACTION!

IS THAT WHAT HE CALLS IT? WHAT A PILOT. IF THE NIGHT-FIGHTERS DON'T GET US, THE FLAK MERCHANTS WILL!

Rogue Lancaster

SUDDENLY THE FLAK CAME BALLING UP IN HOSEPIPE STREAMS OF FIRE. 'G FOR GEORGE' THUNDERED INTO IT AT TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY MILES AN HOUR...



THE BOMBER'S
FRAGILE FRAME
AND METAL SKIN
WAS BLASTED
APART WITH A
SHELL'S
EXPLODING SHOCK.



Rogue Lancaster

5

IN THE TAIL TURRET, JIMMY HORN, THE REAR GUNNER, THOUGHT THE WORLD HAD COME TO AN END AS, OUT OF CONTROL, THE LANCASTER SUDDENLY STOOD ON ITS NOSE...



BUT THE STOLID, UNPOPULAR DE GROOT WAS UNHURT, SAVED FROM THE BLAST OF THE FLAK SHELL BY THE BODY OF HIS FLIGHT-ENGINEER. WHEN HE REGAINED CONTROL, 'G FOR GEORGE' WAS LABOURING THROUGH THE DARKNESS AT 8,000 FEET...



Rogue Lancaster

IT WAS INCREDIBLE TO THINK THAT DE GROOT HAD GONE THROUGH THE WHOLE TOUR OF OPERATIONS WITH HIS CREW, WITHOUT AN OUNCE OF FELLOW- FEELING FOR THEM. BUT THAT WAS THE TRUTH...

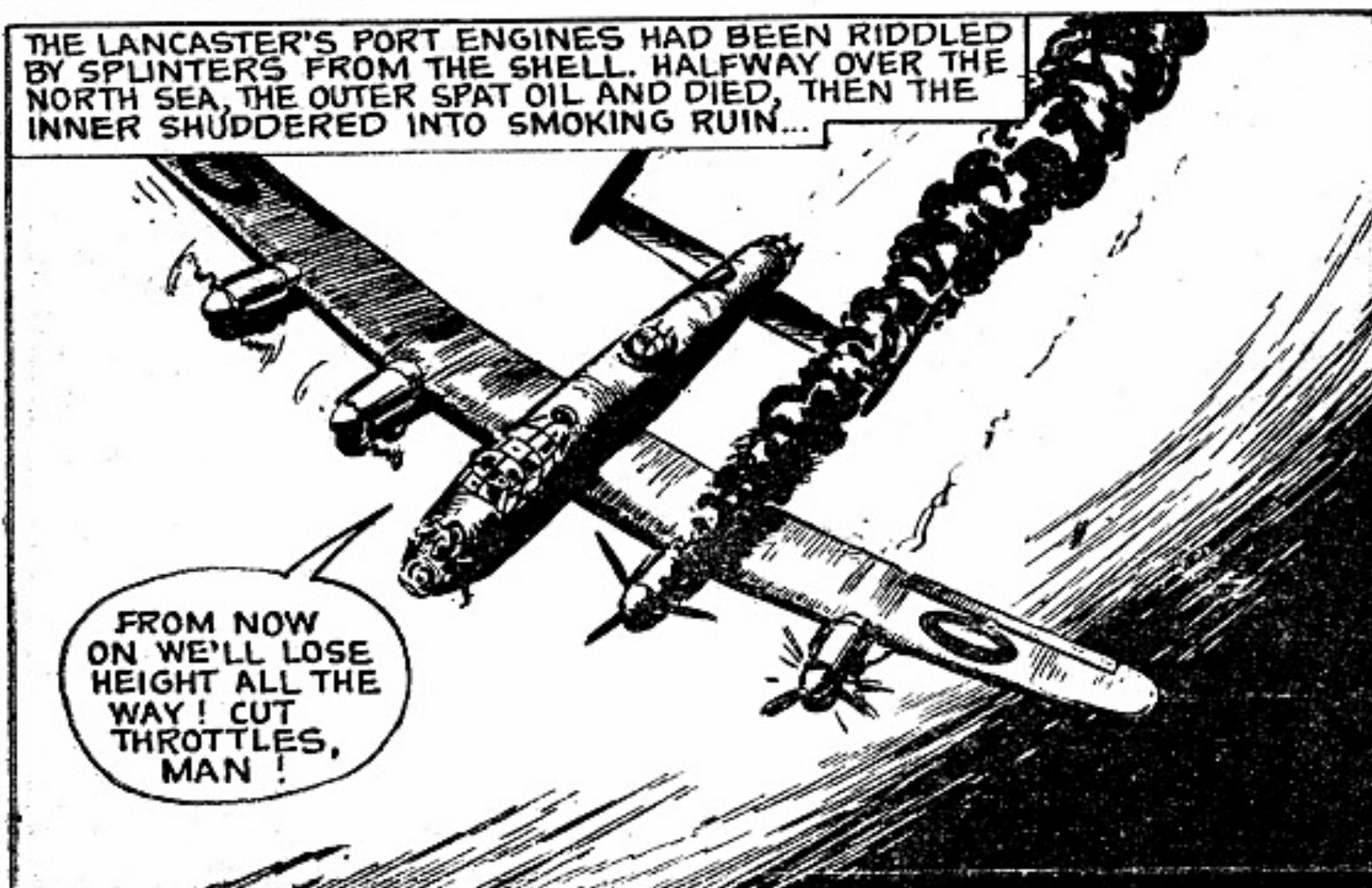
WIRELESS OPERATOR! GET THAT BODY OUT OF THE WAY! THEN COME AND WORK THE THROTTLES! I'LL GET BACK TO BASE IF WE HAVE TO CRAWL THERE ON OUR KNEES!

Y- YES, SIR!



THE LANCASTER'S PORT ENGINES HAD BEEN RIDDLED BY SPLINTERS FROM THE SHELL. HALFWAY OVER THE NORTH SEA, THE OUTER SPAT OIL AND DIED, THEN THE INNER SHUDDERED INTO SMOKING RUIN...

FROM NOW ON WE'LL LOSE HEIGHT ALL THE WAY! CUT THROTTLES, MAN!



IN THE TAIL TURRET, LITTLE JIMMY HORN, CUT OFF FROM EVENTS, ATE RAISINS, THE REAR-GUNNER'S STANDBY, AND WATCHED THE DAWN LIGHT ON THE NORTH SEA...



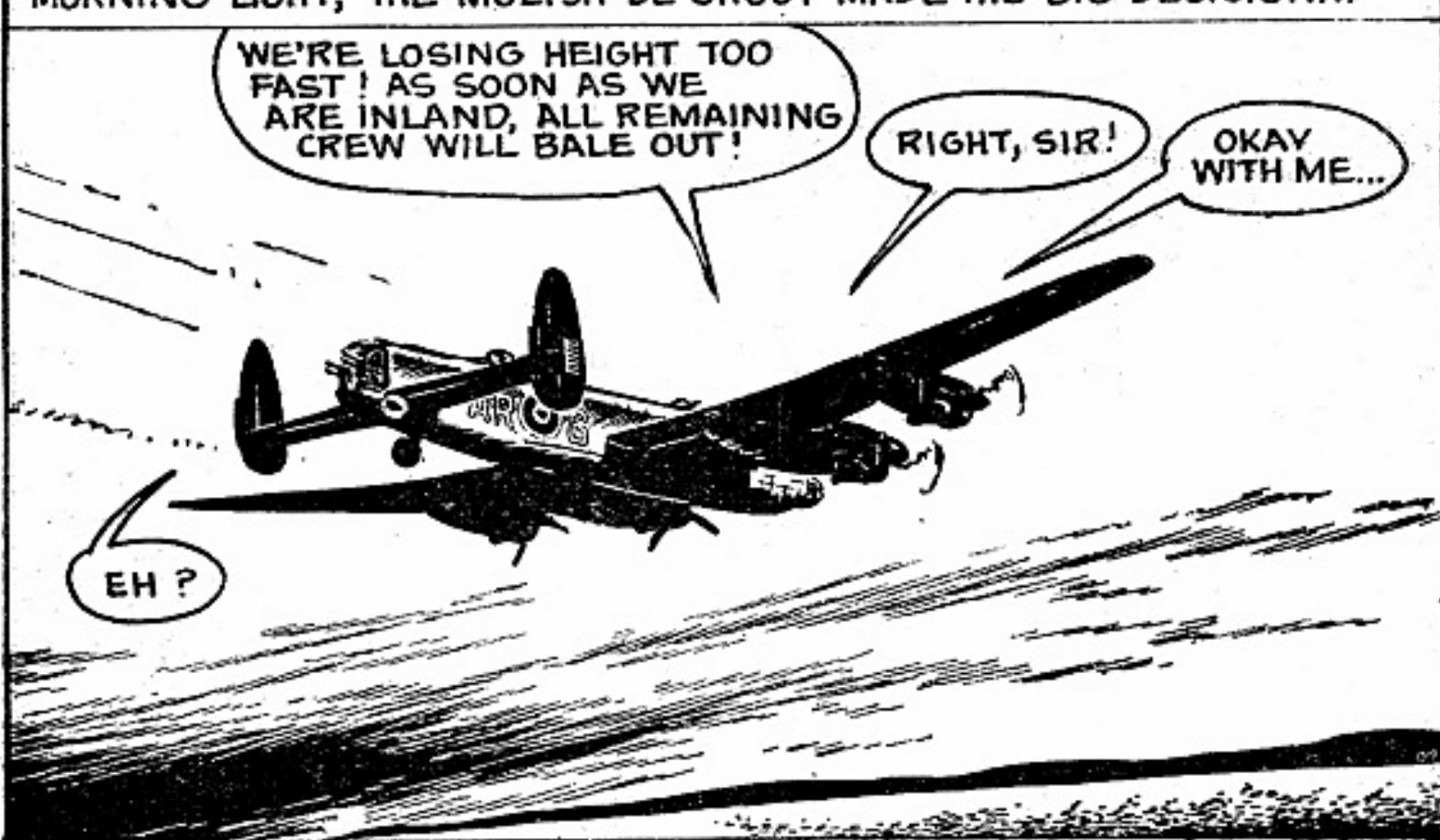
AS THE LINCOLNSHIRE COAST GRADUALLY BECAME DISTINCT IN THE MORNING LIGHT, THE MULISH DE GROOT MADE HIS BIG DECISION...

WE'RE LOSING HEIGHT TOO FAST! AS SOON AS WE ARE INLAND, ALL REMAINING CREW WILL BALE OUT!

RIGHT, SIR!

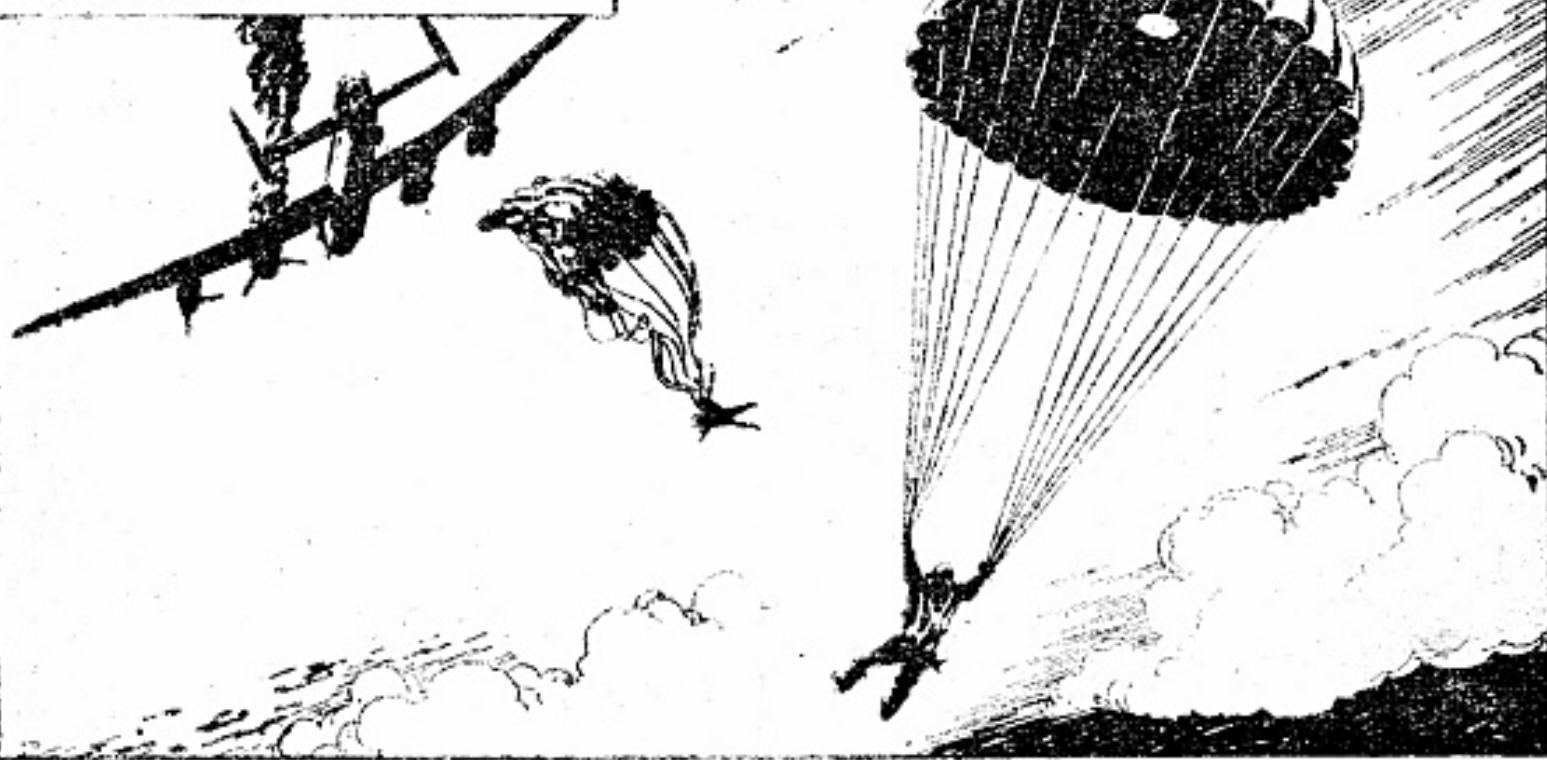
OKAY WITH ME...

EH?



Rogue Lancaster

WIRELESS OPERATOR AND MID-UPPER GUNNER JUMPED FOR IT THE MOMENT THE BIG BOMBER HAD PASSED OVER THE COAST. IT WAS CLEAR THAT DE GROOT MEANT TO TAKE HIS PLANE HOME, WHATEVER THE COST...

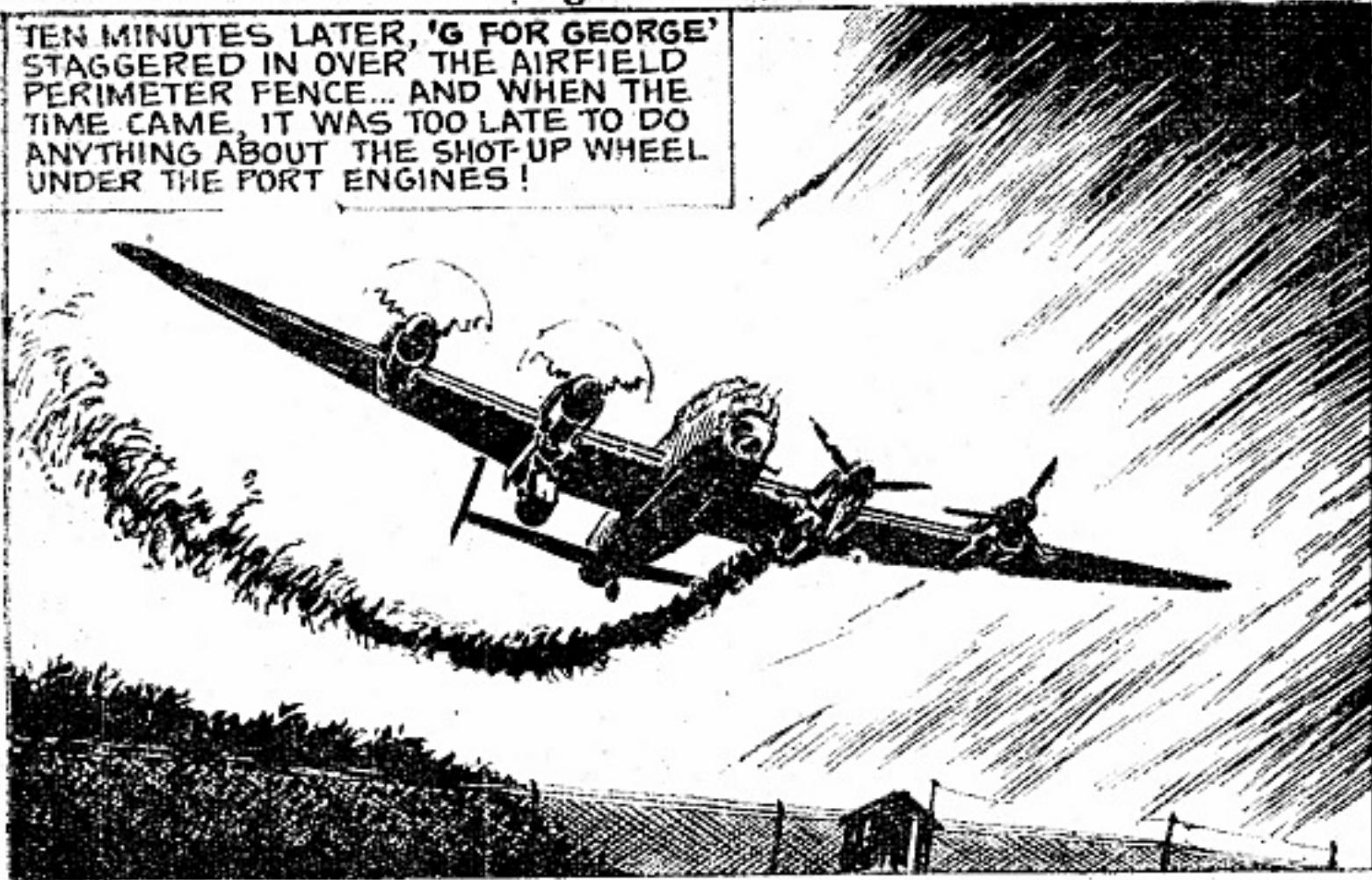


JIMMY HORN DID NOT TAKE TO HIS PARACHUTE. EXTRICATING HIMSELF FROM HIS TURRET, HE CAME FORWARD.

I TOLD YOU TO BALE OUT!



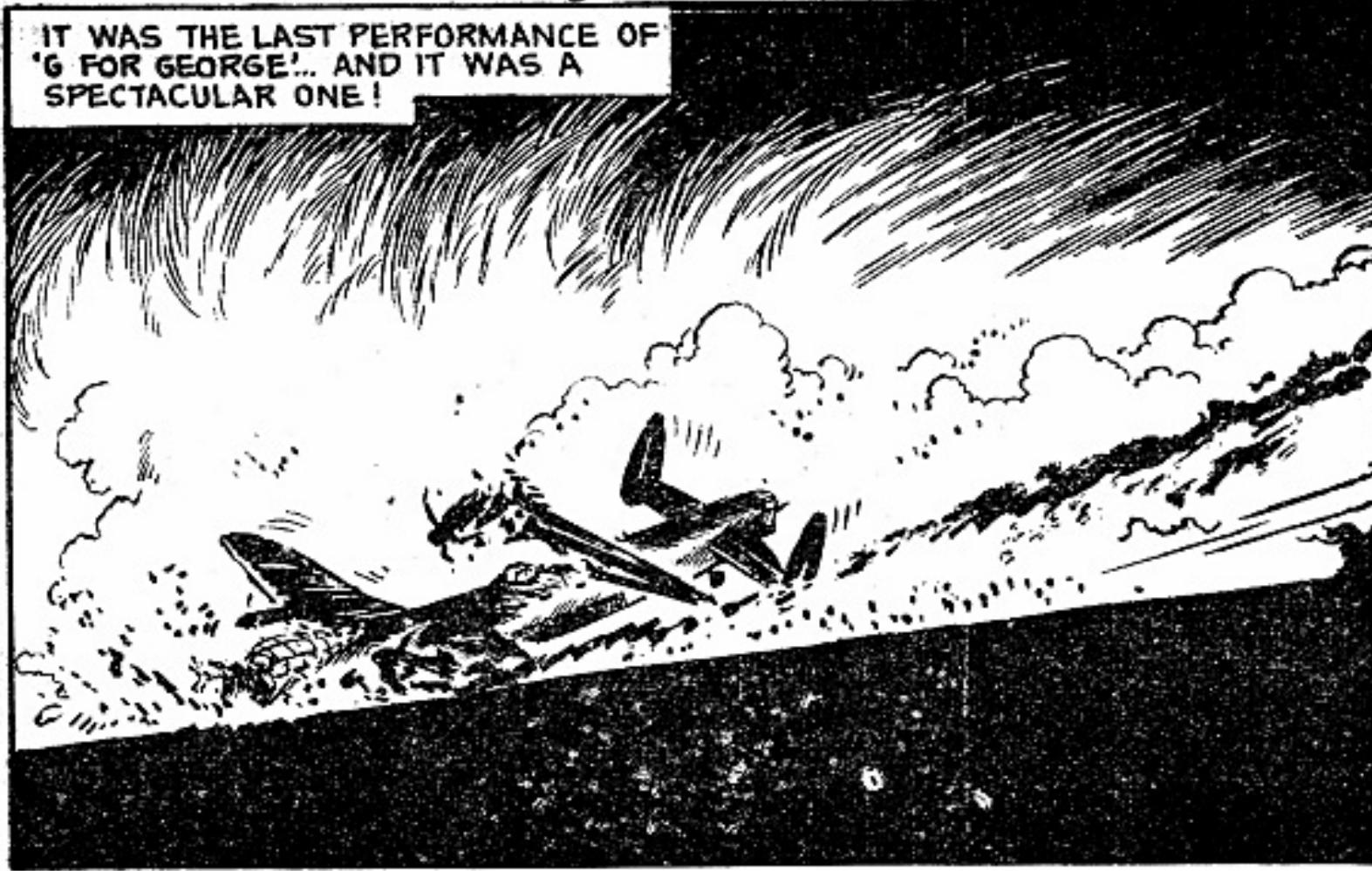
TEN MINUTES LATER, 'G FOR GEORGE' STAGGERED IN OVER THE AIRFIELD PERIMETER FENCE... AND WHEN THE TIME CAME, IT WAS TOO LATE TO DO ANYTHING ABOUT THE SHOT-UP WHEEL UNDER THE PORT ENGINES !



AS THEY HIT THE RUNWAY AND SPUN ON A WINGTIP, JIMMY HORN LAY SPRADEAGLED ON THE CABIN CATWALK, HANGING ON LIKE GRIM DEATH...



IT WAS THE LAST PERFORMANCE OF
'G FOR GEORGE'... AND IT WAS A
SPECTACULAR ONE!



WHEN THE COMMOTION CEASED, DE GROOT LOLLED UNCONSCIOUS IN A CHAOS OF BUCKLED METAL AND REEKING PETROL FUMES. DAZED HIMSELF FROM THE SHOCK, JIMMY NUMBLY RELEASED THE PILOT FROM HIS STRAPS AND DRAGGED HIM FROM THE PLANE.



HE WAS ONLY JUST IN TIME.
IN A SPLIT SECOND, THE
REMAINING FUEL IN THE
LANCASTER'S TANKS
ERUPTED
IN A
BLINDING
FLASH...



AN HOUR LATER, THE SHAKEN DE GROOT, NONE THE WORSE FOR HIS CRACK ON THE HEAD, WAS INTERVIEWED BY 706 SQUADRON'S C.O.

IN ERROR, MY BOMB-AIMER DROPPED HIS LOAD SHORT OF THE MARKERS. THE REST WAS JUST BAD LUCK!



GOOD LUCK FOR YOU, OLD CHAP, THAT JIMMY HORN STUCK WITH YOU! YOU'D BE DEAD IF IT WASN'T FOR HIM...

AS JIMMY DRAGGED HIS WEARY FEET OUT THE DOOR OF THE BRIEFING HUT, A SHAKY HAND FELL ON HIS SHOULDER. IT WAS DE GROOT.

I... OWE YOU MY LIFE, HORN. THAT'S SOMETHING A MAN DOESN'T FORGET.



I'VE FORGOTTEN IT ALREADY, SIR. MAYBE YOU'LL DO THE SAME FOR ME, NEXT TIME.

Rogue Lancaster

SO FAR, THIS MIGHT HAVE BEEN THE STORY OF ANY UNLUCKY LANCASTER CREW DURING THE GREAT RUHR RAIDS. BUT DURING HIS FEW DAYS LEAVE, JAN DE GROOT WENT UP TO LONDON. HE MET A CERTAIN MAN IN A CAFE IN EUSTON.

I'VE TOLD YOU NEVER TO CONTACT ME PERSONALLY, FOOL. IF I WERE EVER FOUND OUT...



SIT DOWN, DE GROOT. I WANT A LOT MORE THIS TIME THAN INFORMATION ABOUT SECRET EQUIPMENT. LISTEN CAREFULLY.

LIKE ME, YOU ARE A TRAINED NAZI AGENT. YOU WERE PLANTED IN THE ROYAL AIR FORCE SIX YEARS AGO. SO FAR YOUR JOB HAS BEEN EASY, SUPPLYING SCRAPS OF INFORMATION... NOW THE FUEHRER REALLY HAS NEED OF YOU.



YOU ARE TO CAPTURE A LANCASTER BOMBER INTACT, AND LAND IT AT KRONFELD AIRFIELD IN WESTPHALIA. IT MUST BE DONE WITHIN TEN DAYS.



THIS MEANS THE END OF MY LIFE IN THIS COUNTRY... BUT IT WILL BE DONE!

Rogue Lancaster

DE GROOT WENT BACK TO HIS HOTEL ROOM, AND CHANGED INTO UNIFORM. THEN, FOR THE REST OF THAT DAY, HE WANDERED THROUGH LONDON, A SPY AND A TRAITOR, PLANNING HIS EXPLOIT...



THREE DAYS LATER, DE GROOT WAS BACK AT 706 SQUADRON. HIS NEW LANCASTER WAS STILL '6 FOR GEORGE', AND HIS CREW HAD BEEN MADE UP TO STRENGTH. A COUPLE OF TRIPS GOT THE NEW CREW INTO SHAPE BUT DE GROOT WAS AS UNPOPULAR AS EVER!

ARE ALL THE SKIPPERS HERE LIKE THAT BLOKE, JIMMY? OR IS THERE SOMETHING WRONG WITH US?

YOU GET USED TO DE GROOT. THE FIRST THIRTY TRIPS ARE THE WORST- I SHOULD KNOW!

AROG



Rogue Lancaster

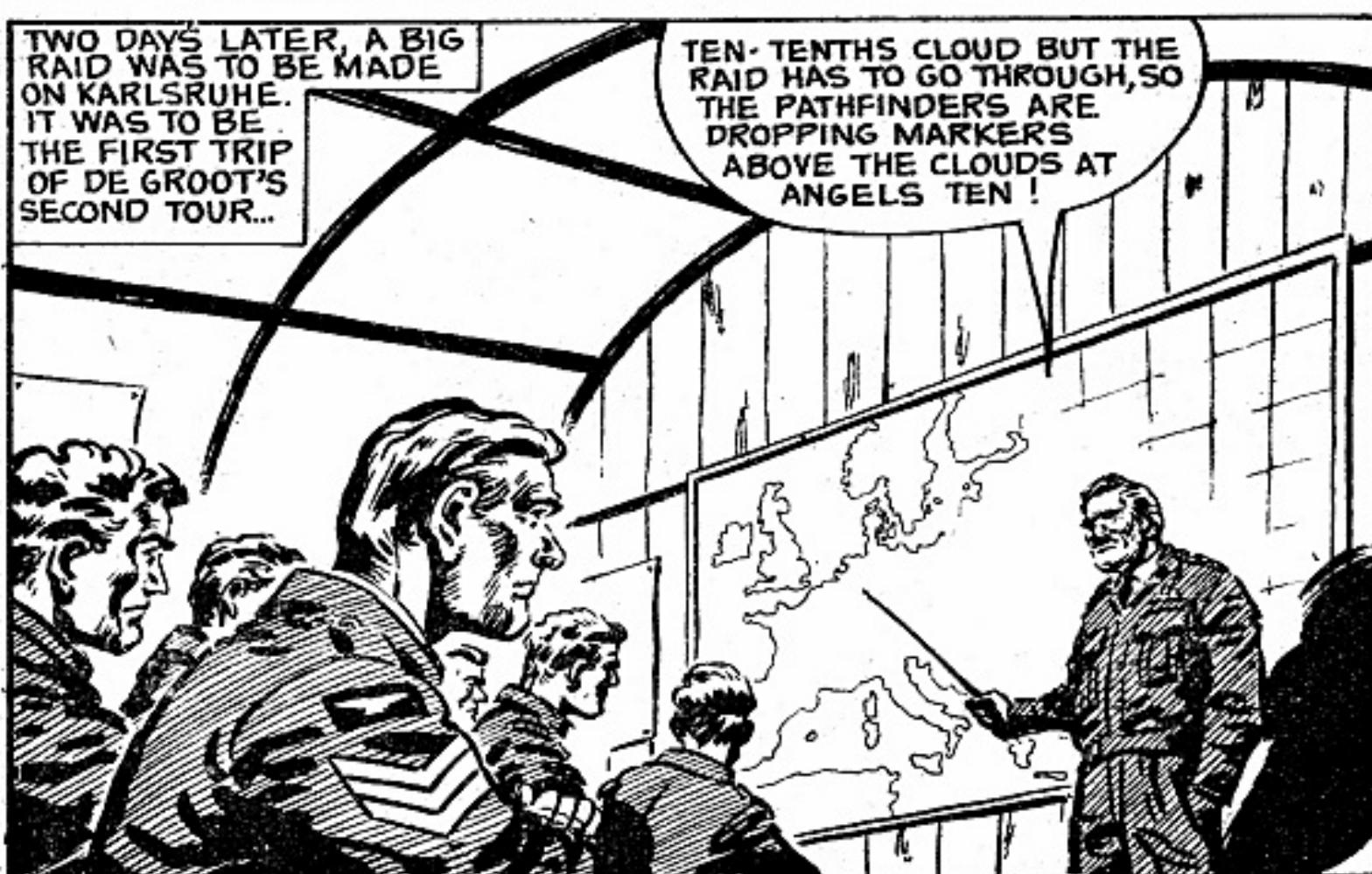
THAT DAY, DE GROOT WENT TO THE C.O., SQUADRON-LEADER PHILLIPS, WITH AN ASTONISHING REQUEST...

TAIL-GUNNER HORN HAS A BAD EFFECT ON MY NEW CREW'S MORALE, SIR. I'M ASKING TO HAVE HIM TAKEN OFF ! I WANT A NEW MAN IN HIS PLACE !



TWO DAYS LATER, A BIG RAID WAS TO BE MADE ON KARLSRUHE. IT WAS TO BE THE FIRST TRIP OF DE GROOT'S SECOND TOUR...

TEN-TENTHS CLOUD BUT THE RAID HAS TO GO THROUGH, SO THE PATHFINDERS ARE DROPPING MARKERS ABOVE THE CLOUDS AT ANGELS TEN !



IT WAS A STRANGELY TENSE AND THOUGHTFUL DE GROOT WHO WAS DROPPED BY THE CREW BUS AT 'G FOR GEORGE...



THERE WAS NOTHING UNUSUAL
ABOUT THE REVOLVER IN DE
GROOT'S FLYING BOOT. IF THEY
CAME DOWN IN ENEMY
TERRITORY, IT MIGHT BE NEEDED.

STARBOARD
INNER IT IS !
OIL PRESSURE'S
OKAY !

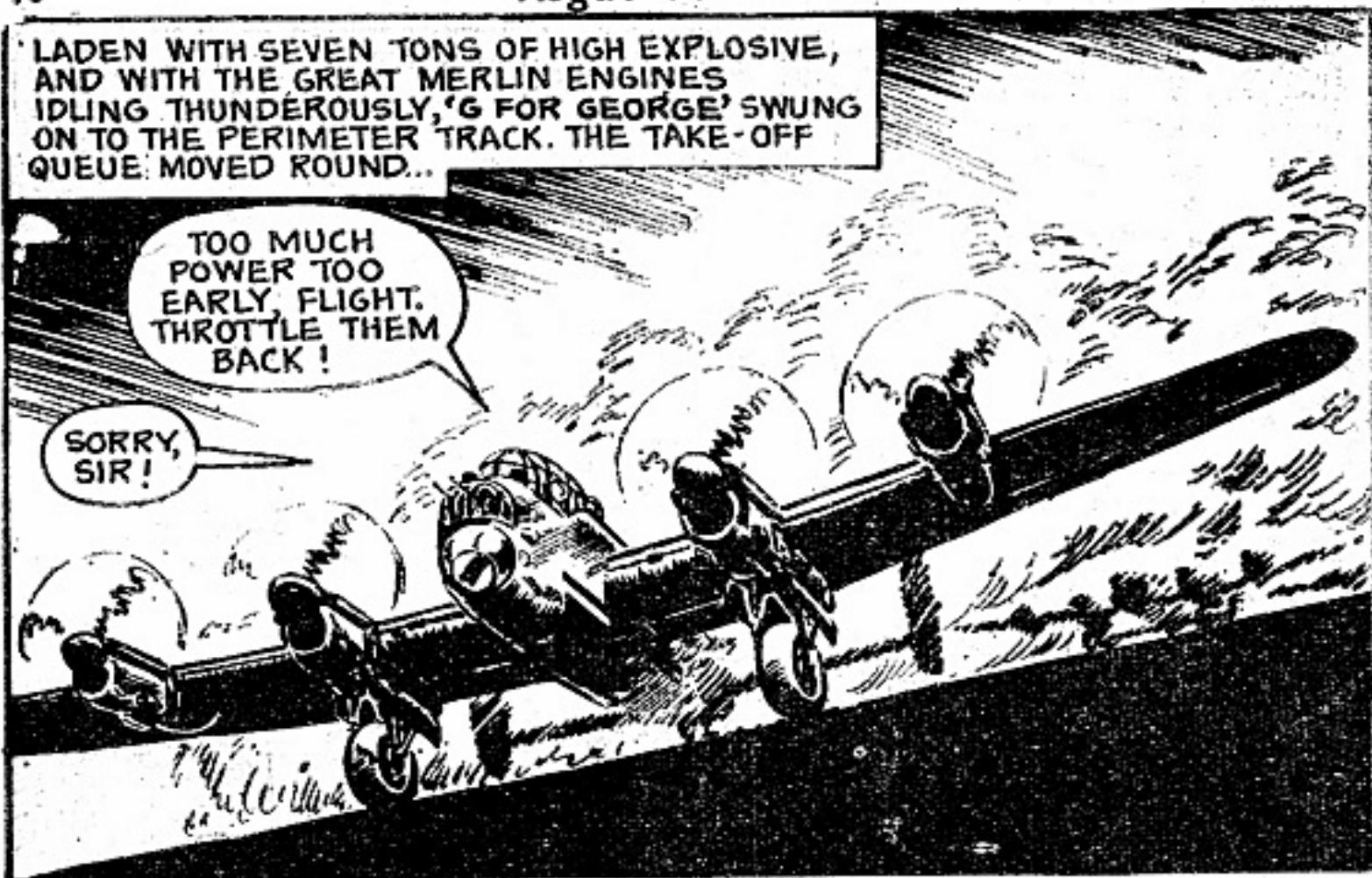
STARBOARD INNER
ON ! TURRETS,
CHECK YOUR
HYDRAULICS !



'LADED WITH SEVEN TONS OF HIGH EXPLOSIVE, AND WITH THE GREAT MERLIN ENGINES IDLING THUNDEROUSLY, 'G FOR GEORGE' SWUNG ON TO THE PERIMETER TRACK. THE TAKE-OFF QUEUE MOVED ROUND...

TOO MUCH POWER TOO EARLY, FLIGHT. THROTTLE THEM BACK !

SORRY, SIR !



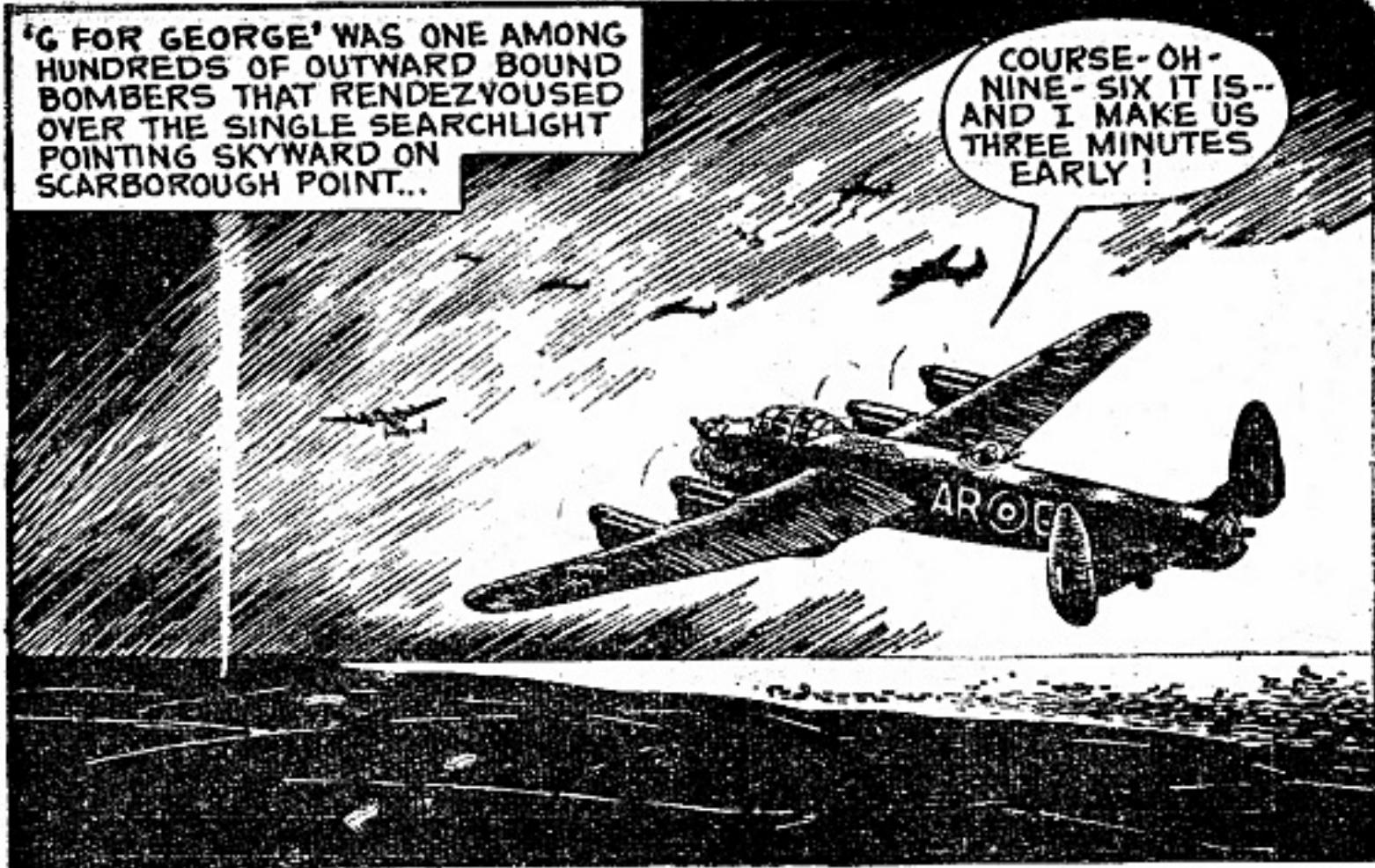
THE LANCASTER SHOOK UNDER FULL POWER AS IT LEAPED FORWARD ALONG THE RUNWAY AND INTO THE GATHERING DARKNESS. IN THE REAR TURRET, JIMMY HORN HAD HIS USUAL GRANDSTAND VIEW...



Rogue Lancaster

'G FOR GEORGE' WAS ONE AMONG HUNDREDS OF OUTWARD BOUND BOMBERS THAT RENDEZVOUSED OVER THE SINGLE SEARCHLIGHT POINTING SKYWARD ON SCARBOROUGH POINT...

COURSE-OH-
NINE-SIX IT IS--
AND I MAKE US
THREE MINUTES
EARLY!



CALM, UNFLURRIED, THE CREW WENT ABOUT THEIR JOBS IN THE 'DIM DEPTHS' OF THE GREAT FLYING MACHINE AS IT SWUNG OUT OVER THE NORTH SEA, HEADING FOR GERMANY.



DE GROOT SAT GLOOMILY, HIS FACE A STONY MASK AS HE GAZED AHEAD THROUGH THE DARKNESS, KNOWING THAT THE DUTCH COAST WAS FIFTEEN MINUTES AWAY...

I MUST KILL THEM ALL... IT'S THE SAFEST WAY TO DO IT! BUT I'LL GIVE HORN A SINGLE CHANCE OF LIFE! HE SAVED ME LAST TRIP...

OIL PRESSURE'S STEADY, SIR...

THEN THEY WERE OVER THE COAST, AT EIGHTEEN THOUSAND FEET, WITH EIGHT-TENTHS CLOUD FAR BELOW AND LIGHT FLAK SEEKING THEIR HEIGHT...

THERE'S A BIT OF FLAK ABOUT, SKIPPER.

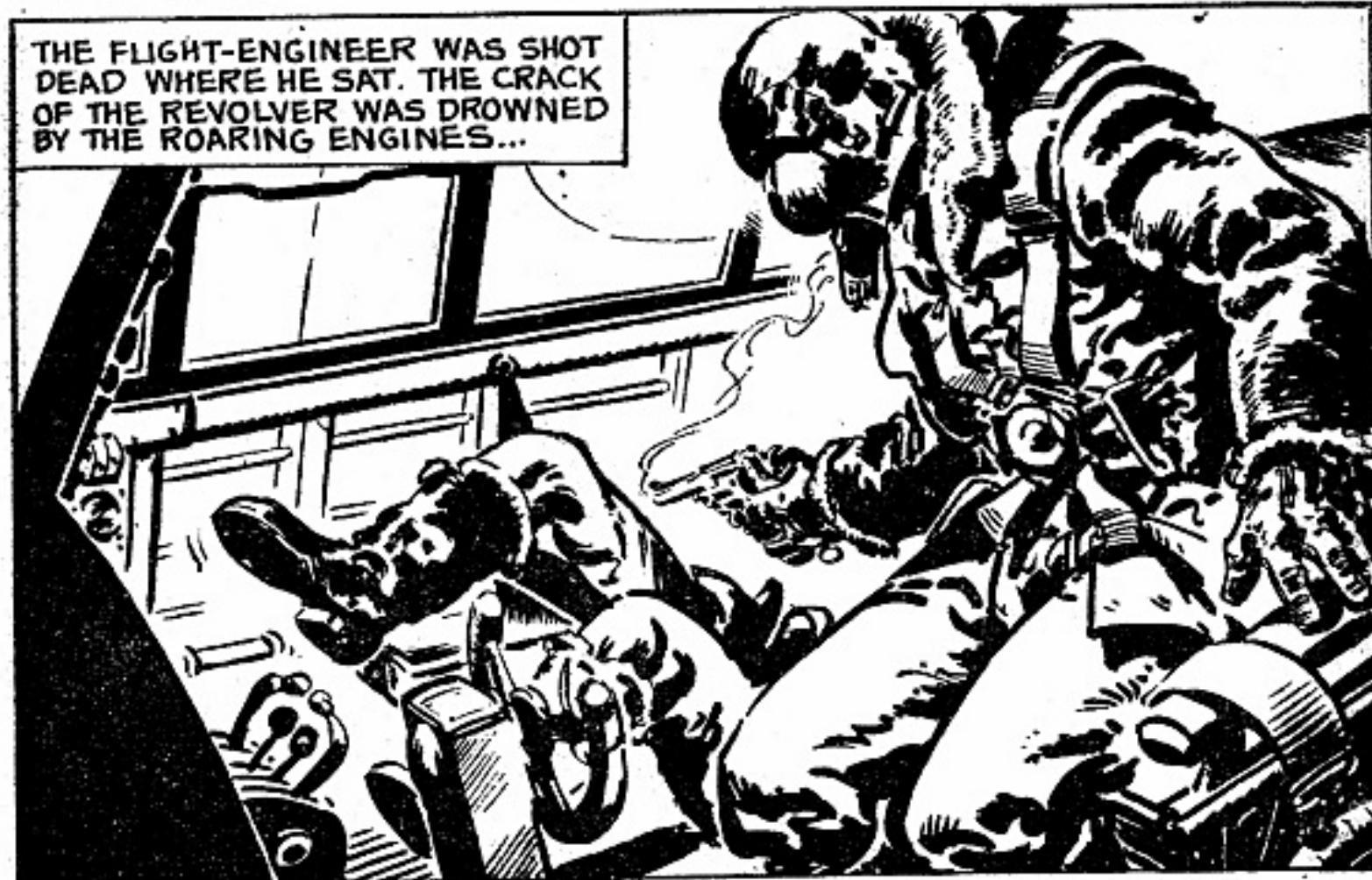
WHEN I WANT YOUR VIEWS, FLIGHT-ENGINEER, I'LL ASK FOR THEM!

4R96

FLYING OFFICER DE GROOT, SPY AND TRAITOR, HAD REACHED HIS HOUR OF ACTION. HE HAD NO SCRUPLES ABOUT THE MURDERS HE WAS ABOUT TO COMMIT. SLOWLY HE REACHED FOR HIS REVOLVER...



THE FLIGHT-ENGINEER WAS SHOT DEAD WHERE HE SAT. THE CRACK OF THE REVOLVER WAS DROWNED BY THE ROARING ENGINES...

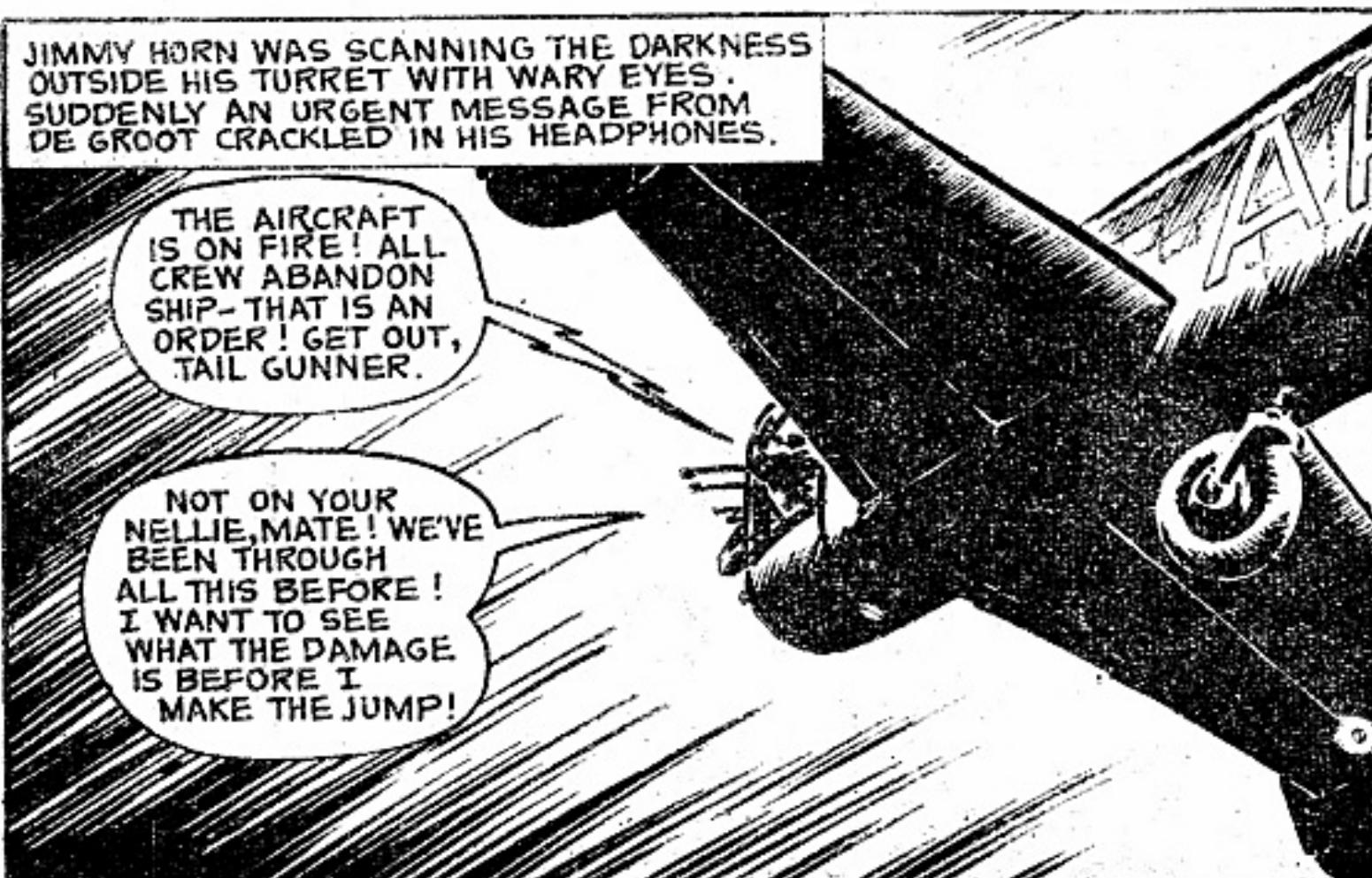


IN THE HORROR OF THE NEXT FEW SECONDS, THE REVOLVER SPAT FIRE AGAIN AND AGAIN. DE GROOT SWEPT THROUGH THE GREAT CRAFT LIKE A RAVAGING WOLF. HE WENT RAPIDLY AFT... THEN FORWARD. AND WHEN HE WAS FINISHED...



NOW THE ONLY ONE ALIVE IS THE TAIL-GUNNER! I'LL GIVE HIM HIS CHANCE...

JIMMY HORN WAS SCANNING THE DARKNESS OUTSIDE HIS TURRET WITH WARY EYES. SUDDENLY AN URGENT MESSAGE FROM DE GROOT CRACKLED IN HIS HEADPHONES.

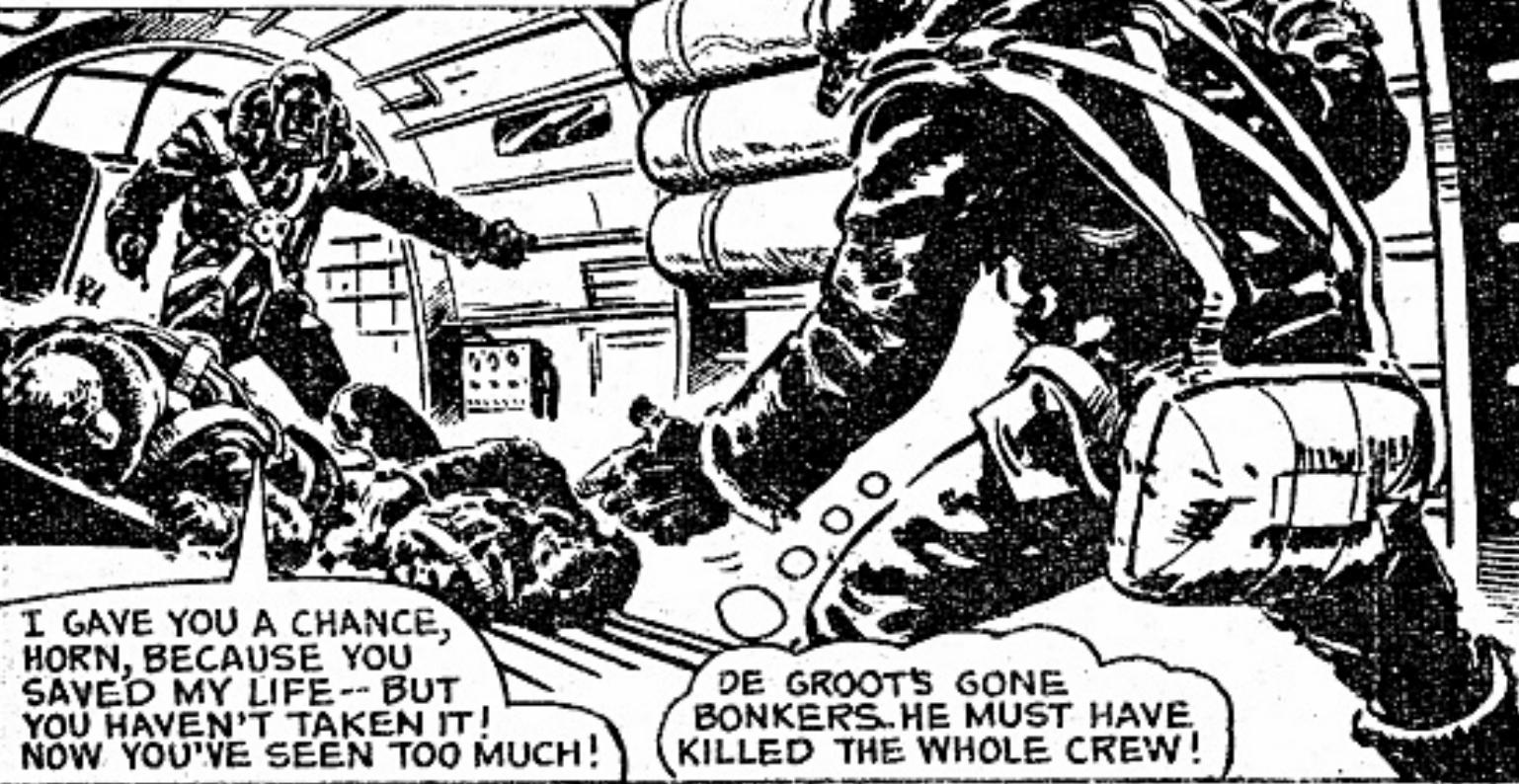


THE AIRCRAFT IS ON FIRE! ALL CREW ABANDON SHIP- THAT IS AN ORDER! GET OUT, TAIL GUNNER.

NOT ON YOUR NELLIE, MATE! WE'VE BEEN THROUGH ALL THIS BEFORE! I WANT TO SEE WHAT THE DAMAGE IS BEFORE I MAKE THE JUMP!

THE TAIL-GUNNER SQUEEZED HURRIEDLY OUT OF HIS TURRET. HE CLAMBERED ALONG THE CATWALK-- AND A FANTASTIC SCENE MET HIS EYES.

WHAT THE HECK? HAVE WE BEEN BLITZED--?



I GAVE YOU A CHANCE, HORN, BECAUSE YOU SAVED MY LIFE-- BUT YOU HAVEN'T TAKEN IT! NOW YOU'VE SEEN TOO MUCH!

DE GROOT'S GONE BONKERS. HE MUST HAVE KILLED THE WHOLE CREW!

BEFORE JIMMY HAD A CHANCE TO MAKE A MOVE, DE GROOT'S REVOLVER SPAT AGAIN...

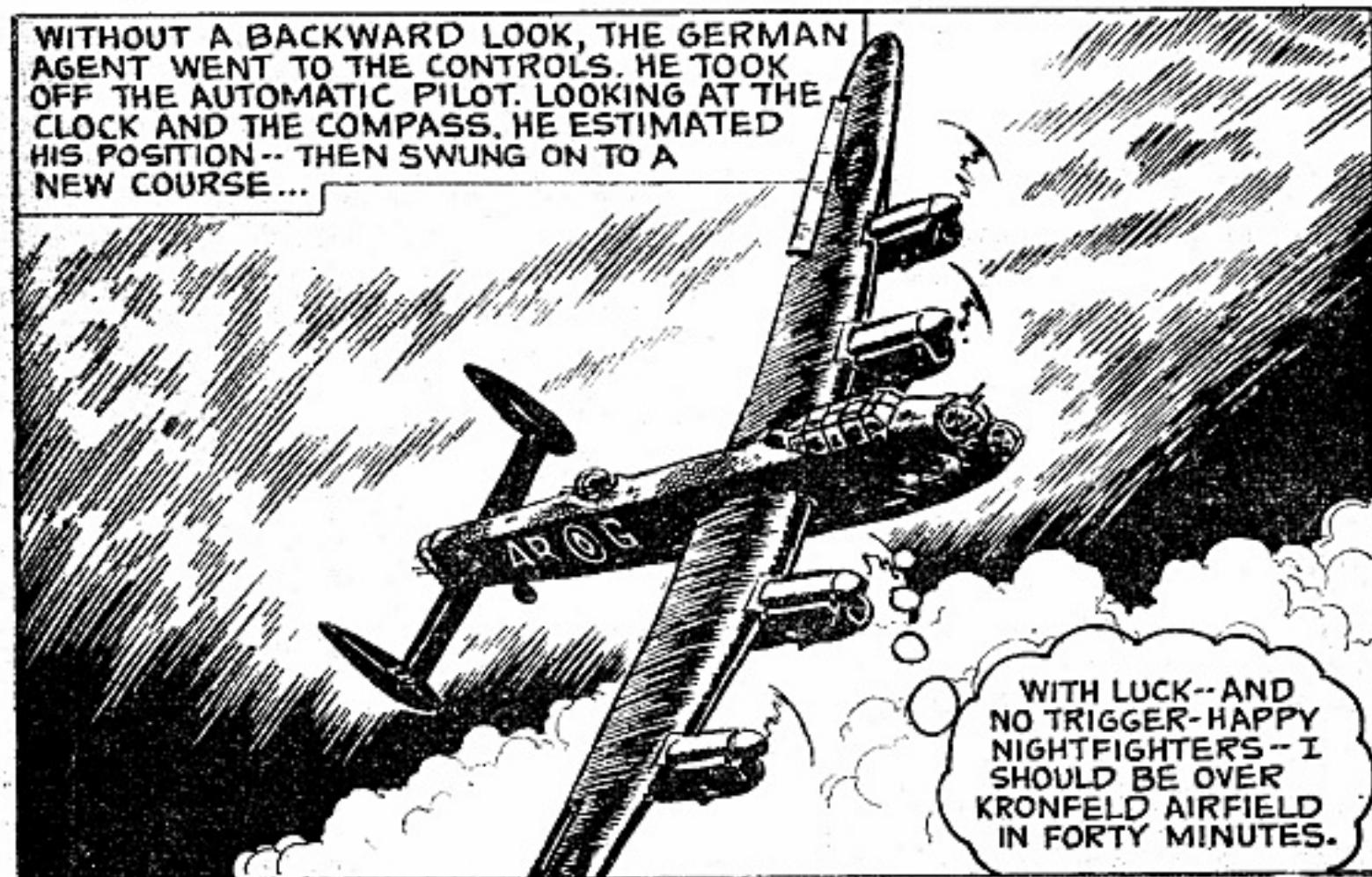
YOU MURDERING LUNATIC--



IT WAS DE GROOT'S LAST CARTRIDGE
FOR SIX CREWMEN NOW LAY
DEAD IN THE BOMBER. JIMMY LAY
AS SILENT AS THE OTHERS...



WITHOUT A BACKWARD LOOK, THE GERMAN
AGENT WENT TO THE CONTROLS. HE TOOK
OFF THE AUTOMATIC PILOT. LOOKING AT THE
CLOCK AND THE COMPASS, HE ESTIMATED
HIS POSITION -- THEN SWUNG ON TO A
NEW COURSE...



BUT JIMMY HORN WAS NOT DEAD. THE BULLET HAD GONE THROUGH THE FLESH OF HIS RIGHT SHOULDER. STILL CONSCIOUS, HE BEGAN TO EDGE HIS WAY CAREFULLY TOWARDS THE TAIL...

I'D BETTER GET OUT--HE'LL PROBABLY DIVE INTO THE GROUND NEXT! ALWAYS THOUGHT DE GROOT WAS A QUEER ONE --



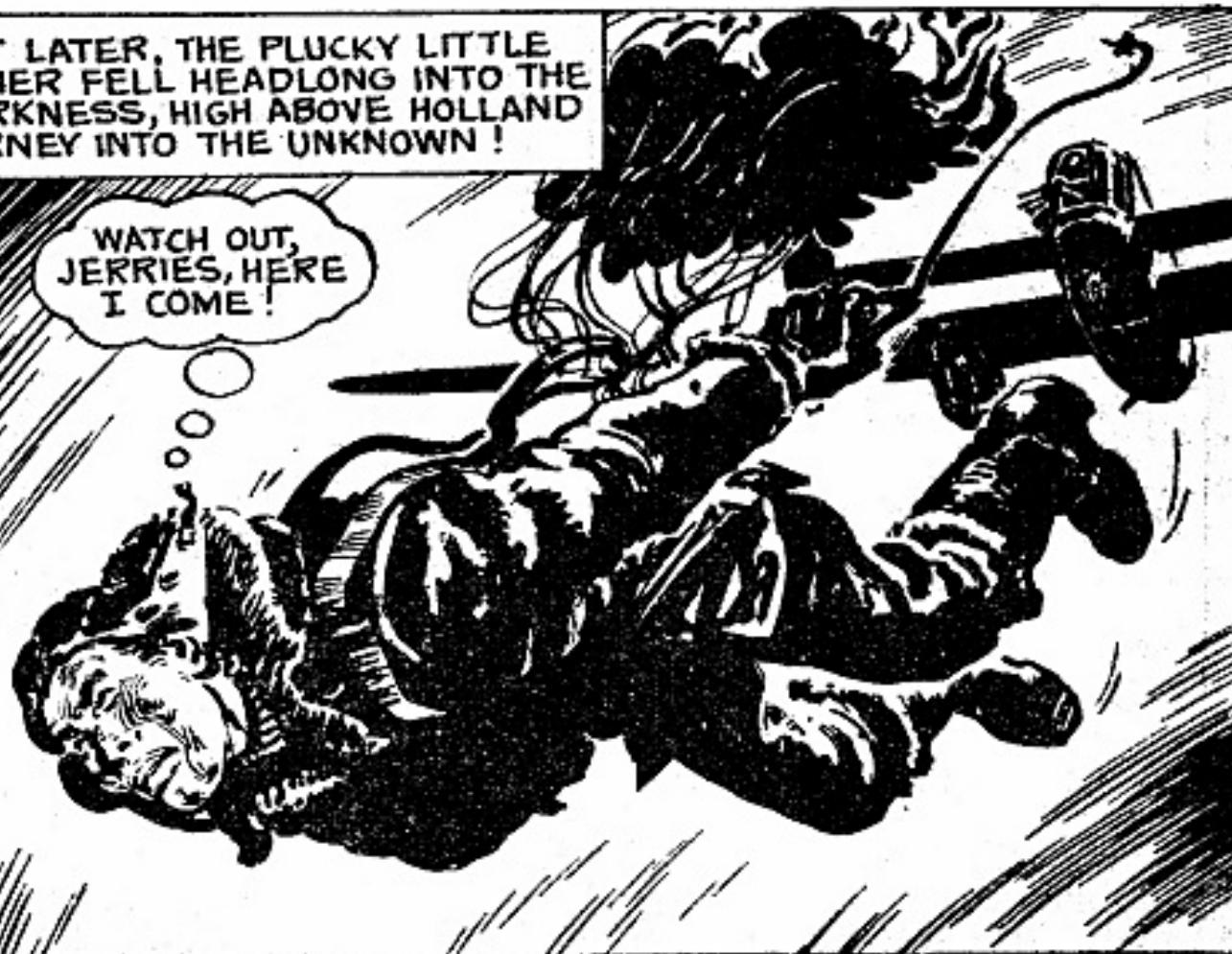
IT NEVER ONCE OCCURRED TO JIMMY THAT HIS SKIPPER WAS AN ENEMY AGENT. THAT WAS SOMETHING HE WOULD DISCOVER MUCH LATER, AS THE WHEELS OF WAR TURNED...

SWIVEL GUNS TO THE RIGHT... THEN OUT THE HATCH! HOPE I'VE THE SENSE TO PULL THE RIPCORD IN TIME!



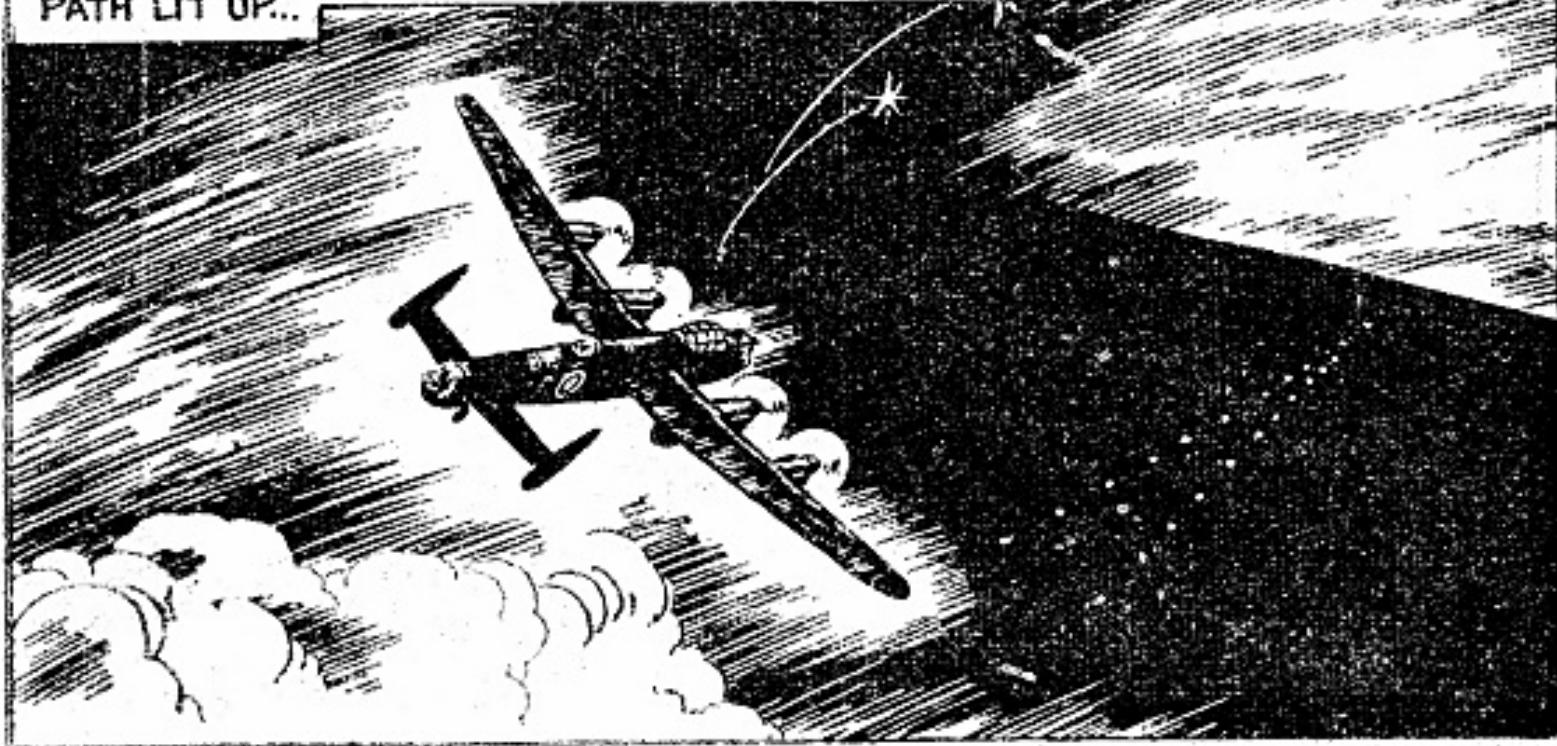
AN INSTANT LATER, THE PLUCKY LITTLE REAR GUNNER FELL HEADLONG INTO THE WINDY DARKNESS, HIGH ABOVE HOLLAND ... ON A JOURNEY INTO THE UNKNOWN !

WATCH OUT, JERRIES, HERE I COME!

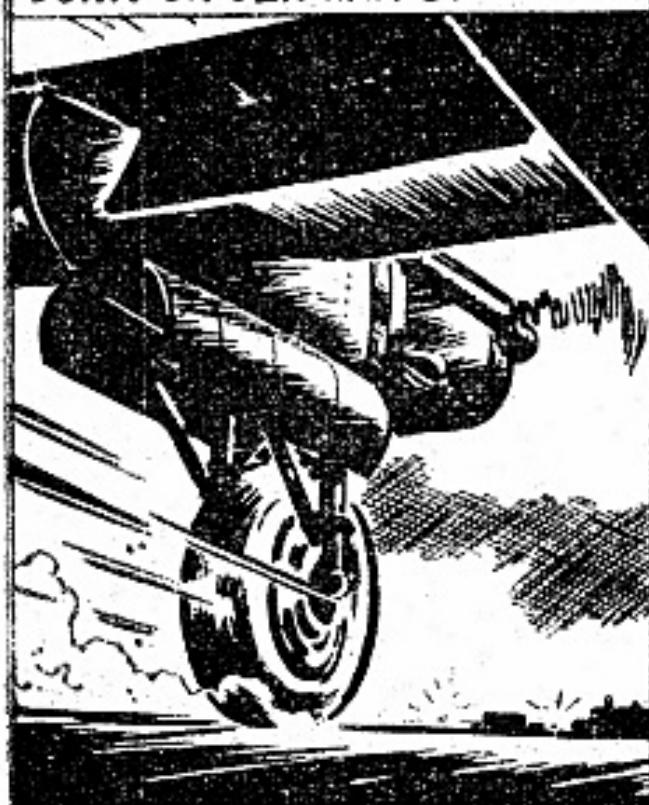


Chapter 2. Fate Takes a Hand

LANCASTER 'G FOR GEORGE' HAD ONE LIVING MAN ON BOARD. IT CIRCLED HIGH ABOVE KRONFELD, AND NO FLAK ROSE TO GREET IT. AS DE GROOT FIRED A SPECIAL VEREY LIGHT COMBINATION, THE FLARE PATH LIT UP...



SO IT WAS THAT A MIGHTY BRITISH BOMBER, UNSCRATCHED AND FACTORY NEW, TOUCHED DOWN ON GERMAN SOIL...



IT WAS TYPICAL OF JAN DE GROOT THAT HE NEVER LOOKED BACK! NOW THAT HIS OLD CREW WERE DEAD, HE HAD FORGOTTEN THEM. HE HAD NOT NOTICED THAT HIS TAIL GUNNER WAS NO LONGER AMONG THE DEAD...



THERE WAS MORE THAN AN 'OFFICIAL' WELL DONE, DE GROOT! MEET LUFT-MARSHAL HAUPSIG, WHO HANDLES RUHR DEFENCE -- AND HERR BOTTER, FROM THE AREA GESTAPO H.Q! THEY ARE BOTH VERY INTERESTED IN YOUR EXPLOIT!



HAUPSIG, THE FAT LUFTWAFFE OFFICER, WAS CLEARLY THE BIG SHOT IN THE ROOM. THE WEARY DE GROOT, HIS EARS STILL BUZZING WITH ENGINE NOISE, SLUMPED INTO A CHAIR TO LISTEN.



I MEAN TO USE THE CAPTURED
LANCASTER AS A NIGHT-FIGHTER, PLEASED TO HAVE
DE GROOT. IT WILL INFILTRATE
INTO THE ENEMY
BOMBER
FORMATIONS!

A GOOD
IDEA, SIR! I'M
DONE MY BIT IN
THIS EXCELLENT
SCHEME!

THE STOLID DE GROOT ACTUALLY ROSE TO GO, THINKING HIS WAR WAS FINISHED-- THINKING HE WOULD NEVER AGAIN SIT AT THE CONTROLS OF A LANCASTER...

BUT YOUR PART IN THIS HAS ONLY JUST BEGUN, YOUNG MAN! YOU WILL FLY THIS MACHINE AGAINST THE ENEMY.

BUT - !



THE GESTAPO OFFICER THEN SPOKE, HIS VOICE CRACKING LIKE A WHIPLASH...

NO BUTS! THE INTERVIEW IS OVER. YOU WILL GET OUT OF THAT ENEMY UNIFORM AT ONCE AND REPORT TO LUFTWAFFE INTELLIGENCE ON THIS AIRFIELD FOR FURTHER INSTRUCTIONS. HEIL HITLER

HEIL HITLER...



DE GROOT WAS MARCHED AWAY BY ARMED SENTRYES, FOR ALL THE WORLD AS THOUGH HE WERE A DANGEROUS PRISONER OF WAR. AND AS THE BOOTTED FEET CLUMPED AWAY...

I DON'T LIKE THAT MAN, HERR MARSHAL. ONCE A SPY, ALWAYS A SPY-- WE'LL HAVE HIM WATCHED.



MEANWHILE, JIMMY HORN, THE LITTLE TAIL GUNNER OF 'G FOR GEORGE', HAD DRIFTED THROUGH DARKNESS UNDER HIS PARACHUTE TO SMASH ON TO FROZEN GROUND WITH SICKENING FORCE THERE HE LAY, WHEN HE CAUGHT A GLIMPSE OF A FIGURE PLUCKING AT THE LIMP 'CHUTE.

THEY'RE ON TO ME ALREADY!
STONE THE CROWS, I GET ALL
THE LUCK. NEXT THING I KNOW,
THEY'LL BE A JERRY BAYONET
JABBLING ME IN THE BACK.



BUT JIMMY WAS WRONG. THE MYSTERIOUS FIGURE WAS NO GERMAN...

NO TIME TALK-ME DUTCH RESISTANCE! GERMANS COME-- WE HIDE IN DITCH, QUICK!

ANYTHING YOU SAY, CHUM!

THE BIG DUTCH PEASANT DRAGGED JIMMY ACROSS THE FROZEN FIELD, AND BUNDLED HIM INTO A HALF-FULL DRAINAGE DITCH SKINNED WITH ICE! IN THE DISTANCE, AN ENGINE REVVED AND LIGHTS FLASHED.

BRRR! TALK ABOUT MIDNIGHT BATHING!

HOW YOU SAY-- GRIN AND BEAR IT, NO? BUT DON'T MAKE NOISE!

THEY STOOD, WAIST-DEEP IN ICY WATER, FLATTENING THEMSELVES AGAINST THE DITCH SIDE. ABOVE, UNSEEN, THERE WAS THE NOISE OF A HURRIED SEARCH...

IF WE'RE FOUND I'LL MAKE DARN SURE THAT KRAUT GOES IN THE DITCH! I'M NOT GOING TO BE THE ONLY ONE TO GET PNEUMONIA!



BUT THE FROZEN GROUND SHOWED NO TRACE OF THEM. THE SEARCH FOR THE PARACHUTIST MOVED ON TO ANOTHER FIELD. WHEN THE GERMANS HAD GONE...

HOW YOU SAY-BUCK UP, CHUM? NOT FAR NOW. TO HOUSE!

SORRY... NOT MUCH STRENGTH LEFT!



THEN JIMMY FELL INTO UNCONSCIOUSNESS... AND NEVER REALISED THAT HE MADE THE REST OF THAT GRUELING JOURNEY ON THE DUTCHMAN'S STRONG BACK.

HE IS BRITISH AIRMAN! WOUNDED, WE'VE BEEN IN THE DITCH, SO HE'S IN A BAD WAY! GET HANS... HE KNOWS SOME DOCTORING!



THE PLUCKY LITTLE GUNNER'S SODDEN CLOTHING WAS STRIPPED OFF, AND HE WAS ROLLED IN A BLANKET WITH HOT STONES. THEN HANS, THE DOCTOR ARRIVED. HE GOT READY FOR HIS GRIM JOB...

THAT BULLET'S GOT TO COME OUT-- AND WE'VE NO ANAESTHETIC! SORRY, BUT THIS WILL HURT !

GO AHEAD, DOC. I'VE ALREADY ARGUED WITH ONE DUTCHMAN TONIGHT - I WON'T DO IT AGAIN FOR SOME TIME...

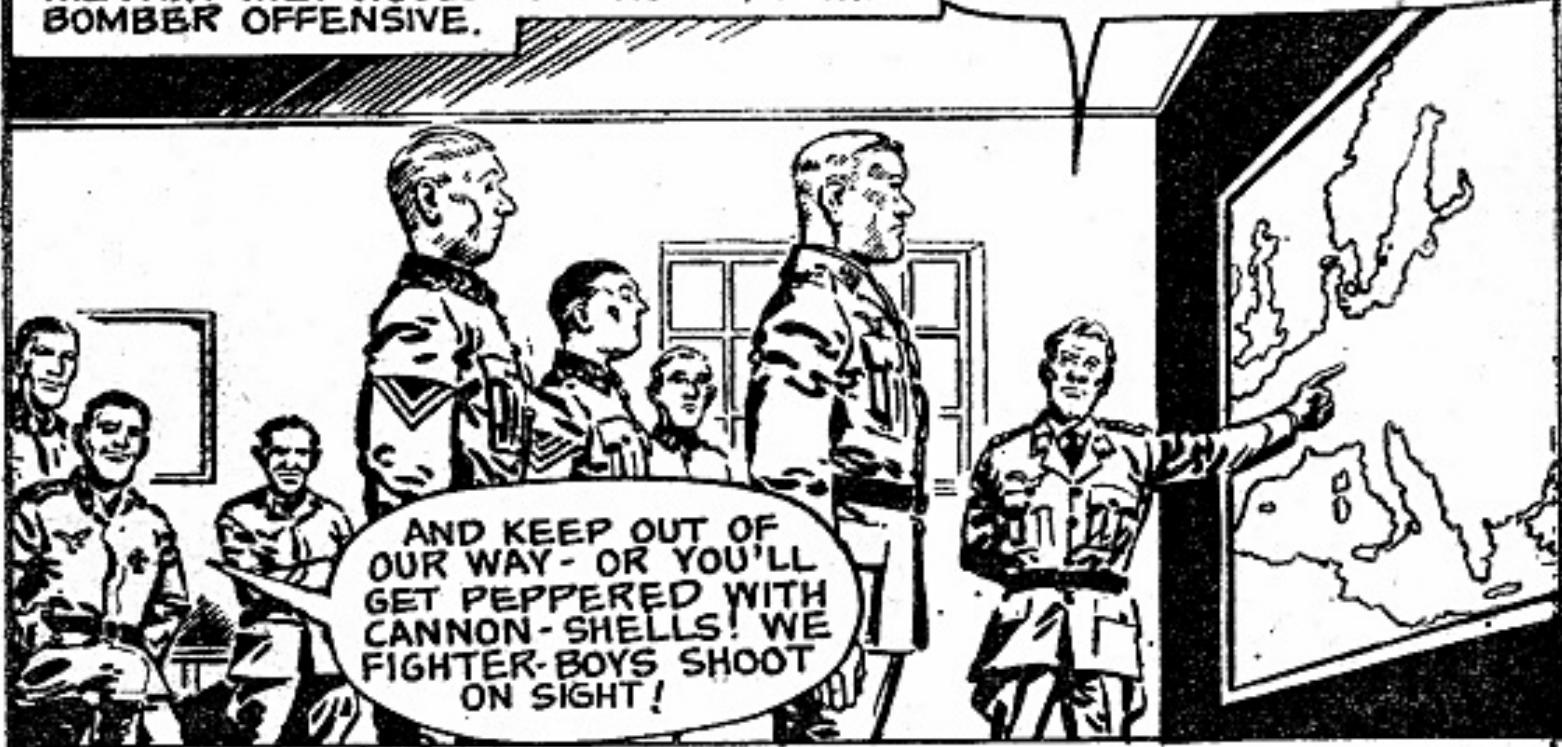
HALF AN HOUR LATER, JIMMY HORN SLEPT. A THIRTY-EIGHT CALIBRE BULLET LAY ON THE ROUGH TABLE NEAR HIM --- AND THE DUTCHMEN SPOKE IN WHISPERS...

HE TOUGH, THAT ONE -- IT WAS A PAINFUL JOB.

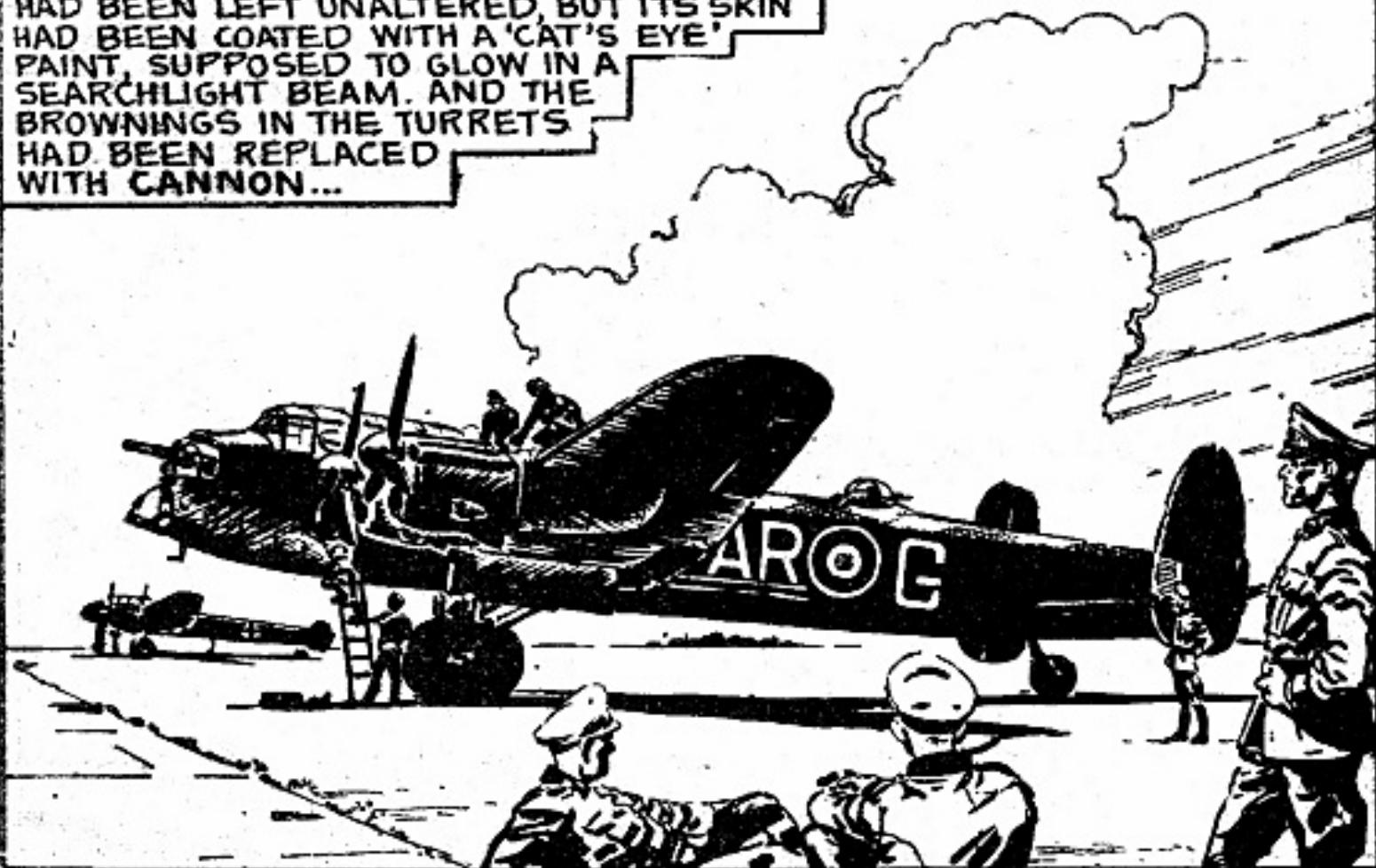
THE GERMANS WILL COMB THIS AREA TOMORROW. I'LL TRY TO GET IN TOUCH WITH THE RESISTANCE ROUTE TO THE COAST !

WHILE JIMMY HORN WAS RECOVERING FROM HIS WOUND, HAUPTMANN DE GROOT AND HIS NEW CREW WERE BRIEFED BY THE LUFTWAFFE OPERATIONS OFFICER ON THE PART THEY WOULD PLAY AGAINST THE BOMBER OFFENSIVE.

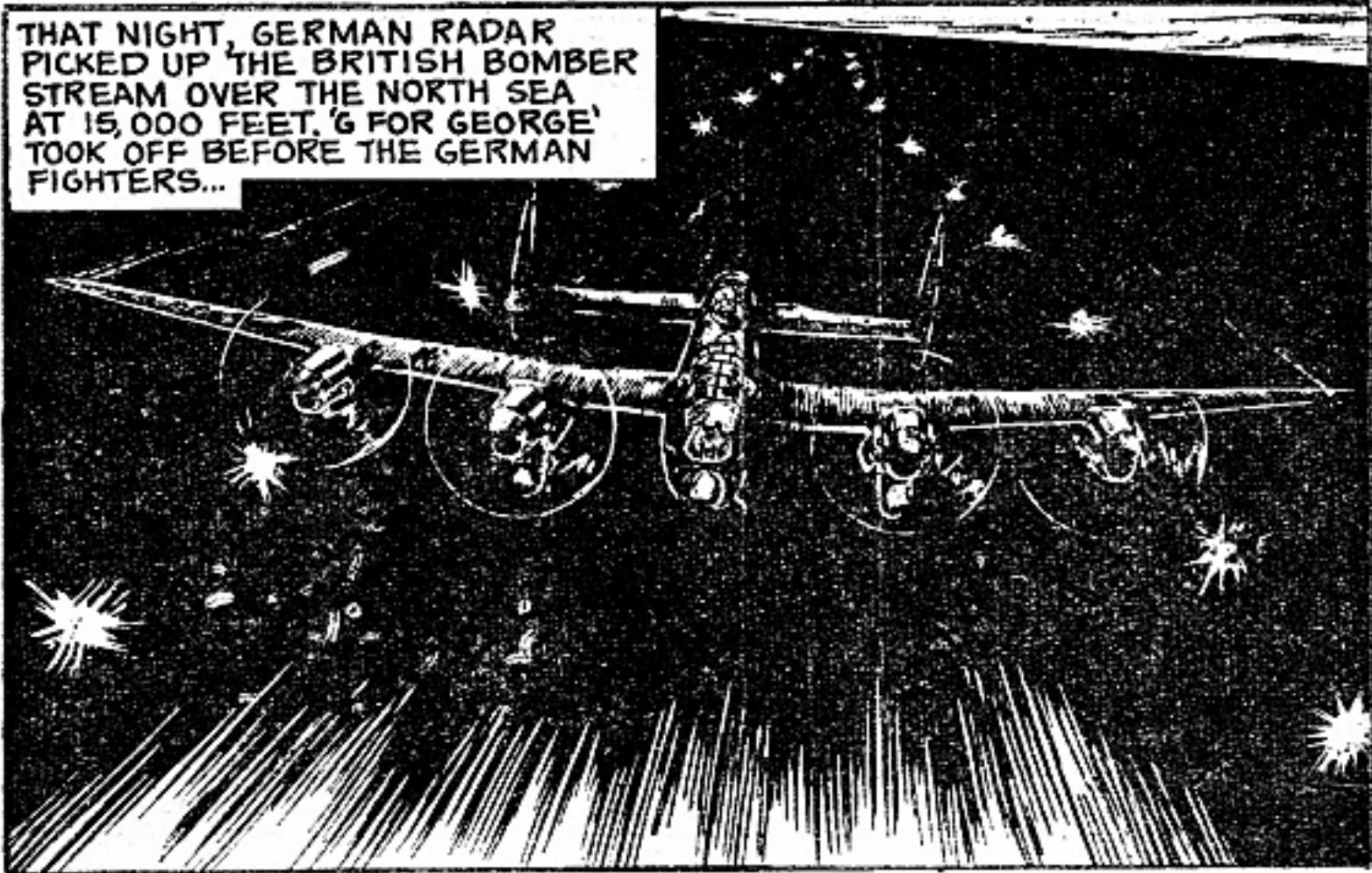
YOU WILL CLIMB ABOVE THE ENGLANDER BOMBER STREAM - COME DOWN ON ITS TAIL! THEN PICK OFF THE BOMBERS ONE BY ONE!



THE LANCASTER'S DISTINCTIVE MARKINGS HAD BEEN LEFT UNALTERED, BUT ITS SKIN HAD BEEN COATED WITH A 'CAT'S EYE' PAINT, SUPPOSED TO GLOW IN A SEARCHLIGHT BEAM. AND THE BROWNINGNS IN THE TURRETS HAD BEEN REPLACED WITH CANNON...



THAT NIGHT, GERMAN RADAR PICKED UP THE BRITISH BOMBER STREAM OVER THE NORTH SEA AT 15,000 FEET. 'G FOR GEORGE' TOOK OFF BEFORE THE GERMAN FIGHTERS...



THE NAZI-CREWED LANCASTER CLIMBED STEADILY, ALL THE WAY NORTH, THROUGH MOONLIT SKIES. DE GROOT LEVELLED OFF AT 25,000 FEET...

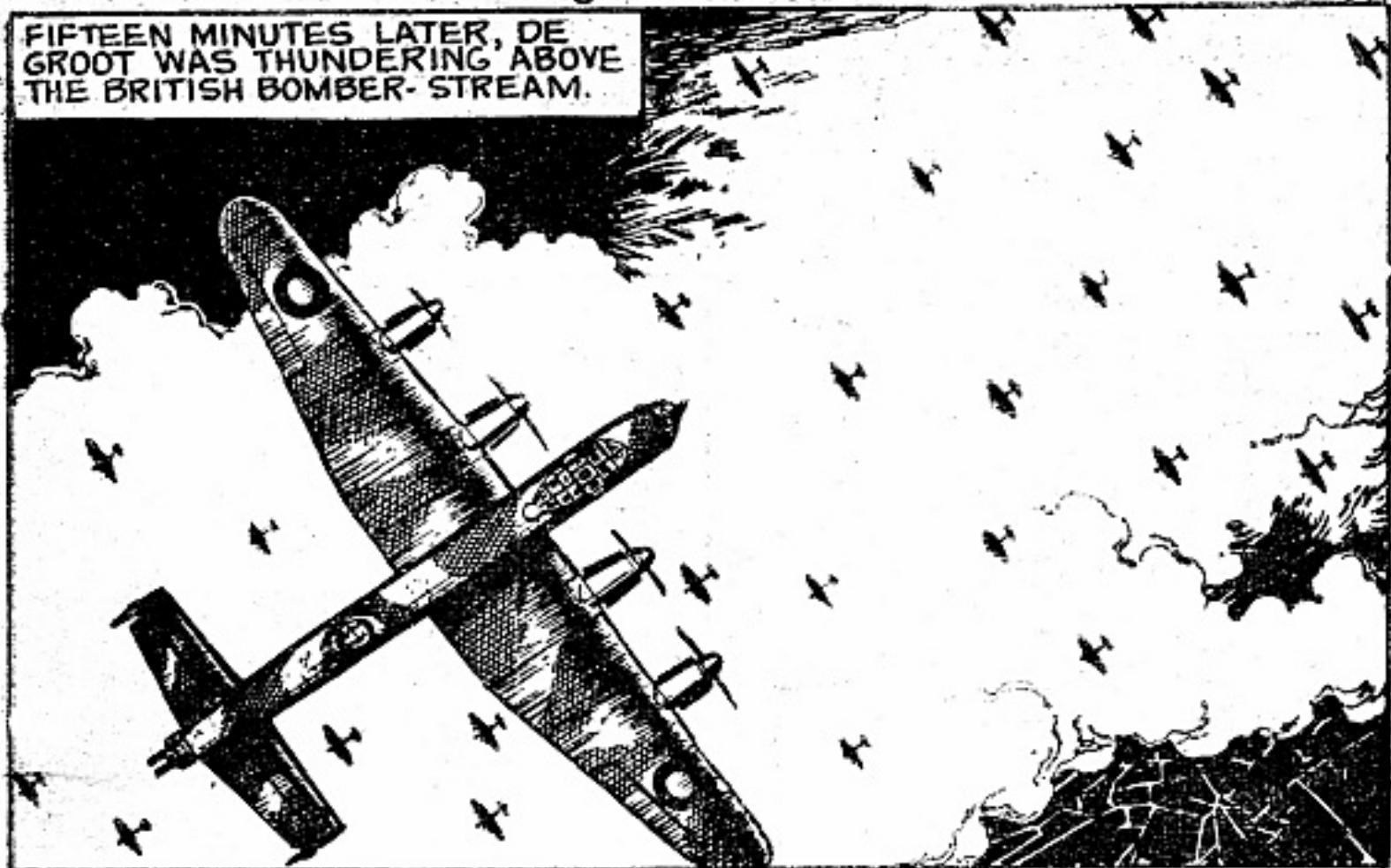
RADAR REPORTS BOMBER STREAM WHEELING SOUTH-EAST IN SECTOR EIGHT !

COURSE ONE-OH-THREE !

UNDERSTOOD !
GUNNERS - KEEP
YOUR BARRELS
WARM !

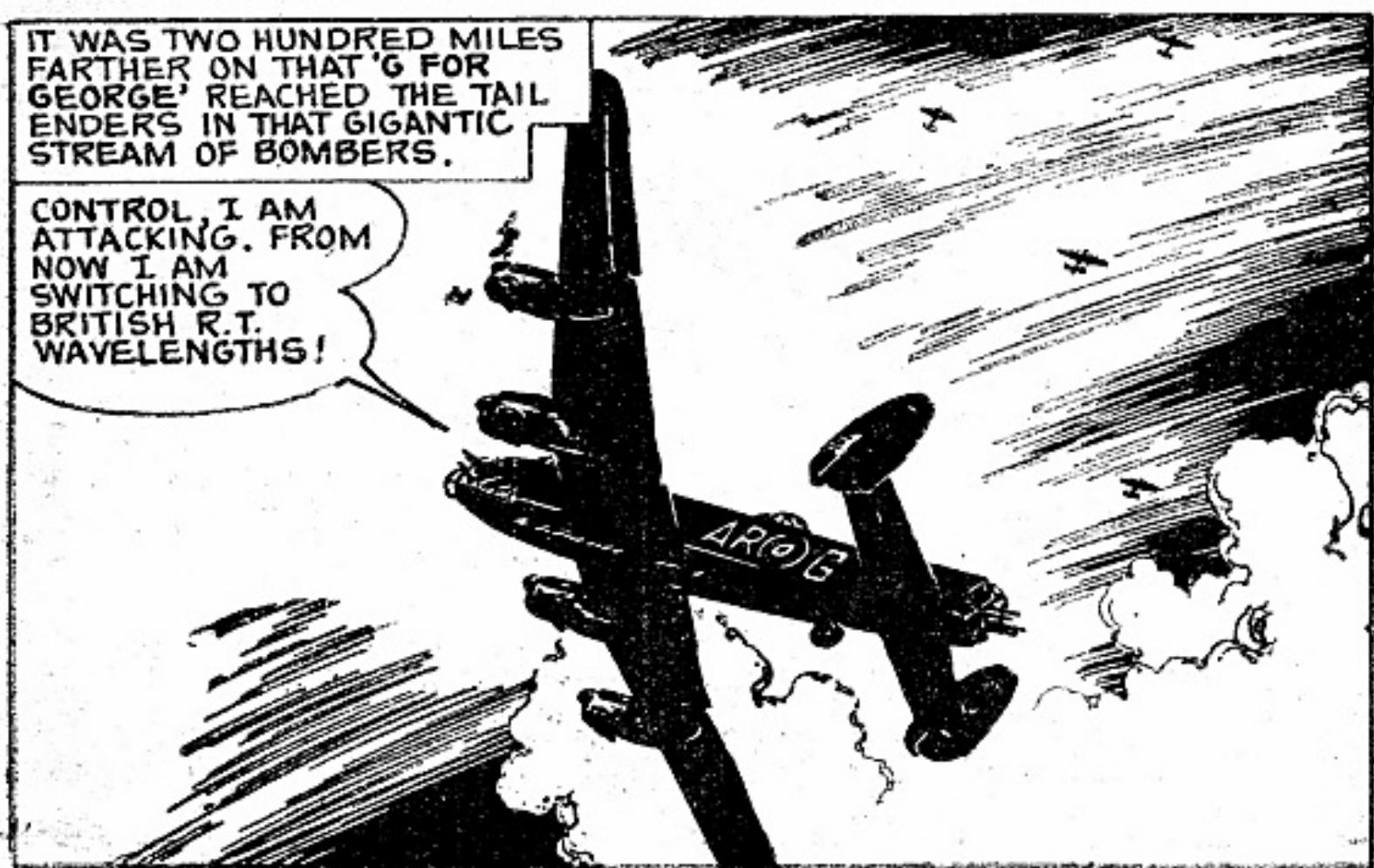


FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER, DE GROOT WAS THUNDERING ABOVE THE BRITISH BOMBER- STREAM.



IT WAS TWO HUNDRED MILES FARTHER ON THAT 'G FOR GEORGE' REACHED THE TAIL ENDERS IN THAT GIGANTIC STREAM OF BOMBERS.

CONTROL, I AM ATTACKING. FROM NOW I AM SWITCHING TO BRITISH R.T. WAVELENGTHS!



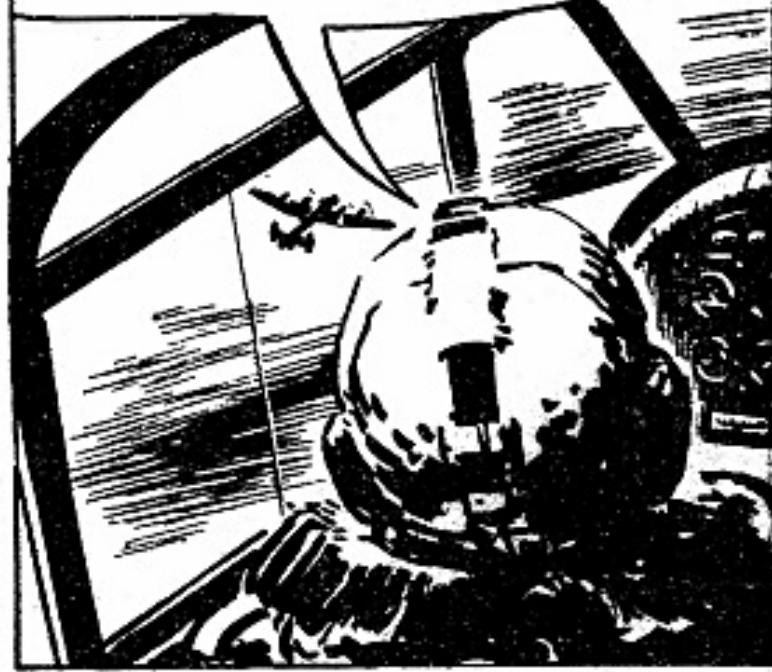
THAT NIGHT, 706 SQUADRON LAY AT THE TAIL OF THE STREAM. THE REAR GUNNER WHO SAW THE SOLITARY LANCASTER DROPPING FROM THE MOONLIT HEIGHTS WAS A PAL OF JIMMY HORN'S.

FIGHTER,
TEN O'CLOCK HIGH-- NO,
WAIT A MINUTE, IT'S A
LANC! MUST BE A
RECONNAISSANCE JOB.

MAKE UP YOUR MIND,
TAIL END CHARLIE!
THIS ISN'T A
GUESSING GAME!

DE GROOT, SITTING IN HIS GLASS-HOUSE, FELT A STRANGE SENSE OF POWER, AS HE CLOSED WITH HIS PREY.

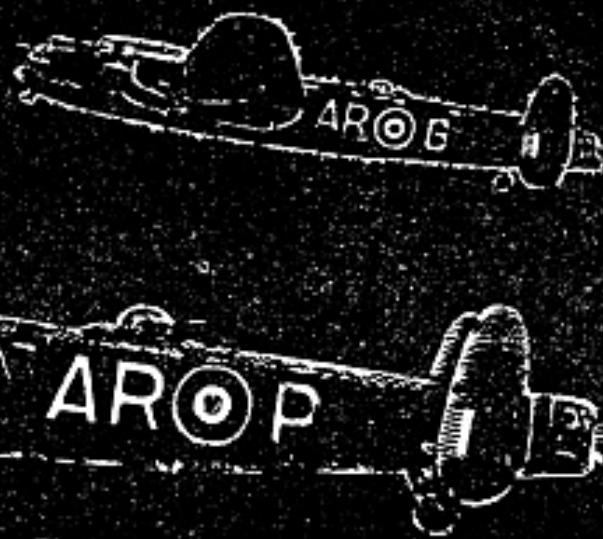
THERE MUST BE NO SHOOTING TILL I GIVE THE ORDER, GUNNERS! THEN HEAVY FIRE MUST BE POURED IN FROM NOSE AND TAIL TURRETS.



THE THUNDERING MACHINES DREW SLOWLY ALONGSIDE EACH OTHER. THE CAT'S EYES PAINT WAS SPARKLING FAINTLY IN THE MOONLIGHT...

HEY-- FLIGHT, LOOK
AT THOSE MARKINGS!
IT'S OUR SQUADRON--
'G FOR GEORGE'--
DE GROOT'S KITE!

BUT HE WAS
SHOT DOWN ON
THE KARLSRUHE
TRIP-- THERE ISN'T
ANY 'G FOR
GEORGE'!



HAD IT NOT BEEN FOR HIS HELMET, THAT DOOMED FLIGHT-ENGINEER'S HAIR WOULD HAVE STOOD ON END.

THAT PLANE'S GLOWING! LOOK AT IT--IT'S GHOSTLY-UNNATURAL!



DE GROOT SUDDENLY REMEMBERED THAT HIS PREY WAS LADEN WITH A HEAVY BOMB LOAD. HE DRIFTED OUTWARDS ANOTHER THREE HUNDRED YARDS WHILE KEEPING PARALLEL COURSE...

NOSE AND TAIL CANNON--FIRE!



SUDDEN DEATH SLAMMED INTO THE SITTING TARGET IN A FLAMING, TERRIBLE TORRENT--RENDING METAL, MACHINES, AND MEN.



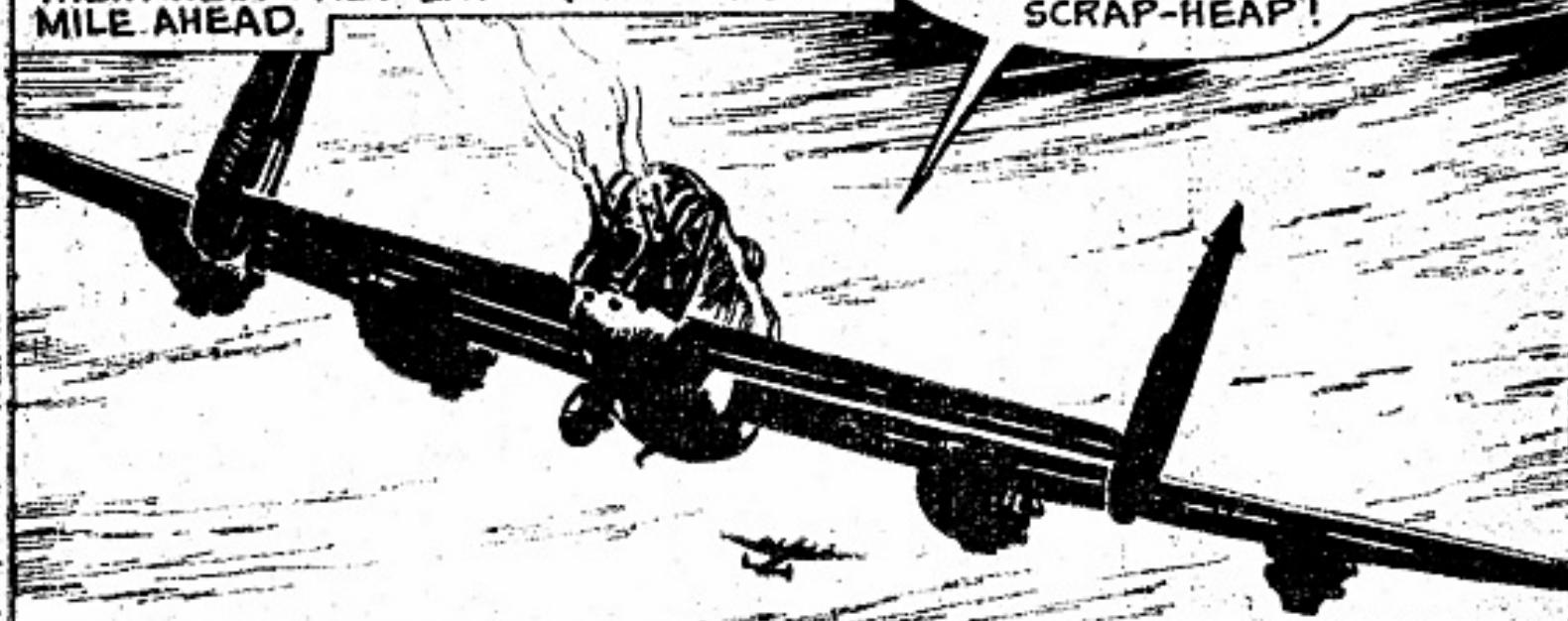
Rogue Lancaster

WHEN THE BOMB-LOAD WENT OFF, IT WAS AS THOUGH THE SUN HAD RISEN - FOR ONE BLINDING, FANTASTIC SECOND!

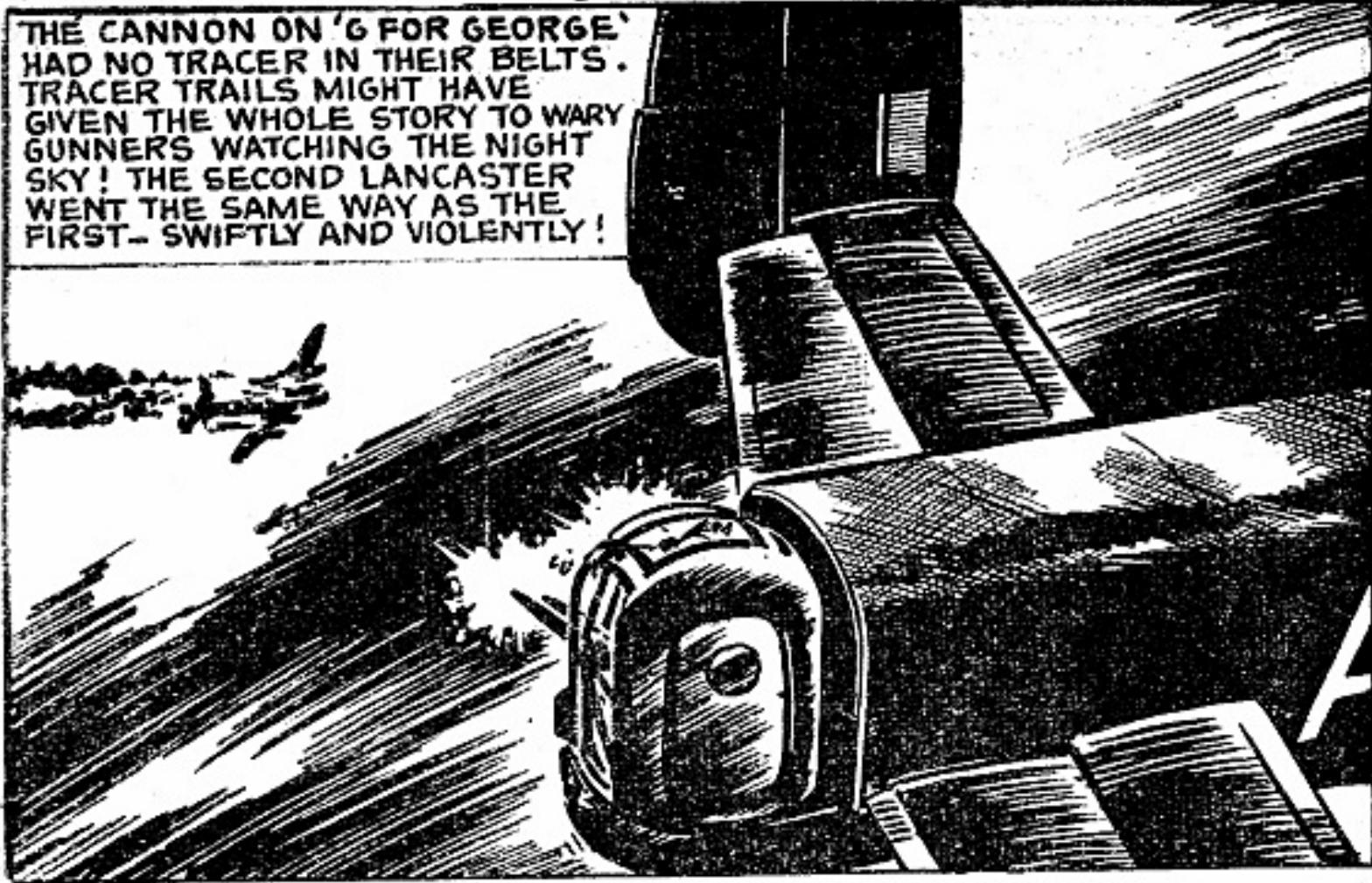


WHEN DE GROOT'S LANCASTER HAD RIDDEN THAT HURRICANE BLAST, THERE WAS NOTHING LEFT IN THE SKY TO MARK THE FATE OF THE SHATTERED BOMBER. THEIR NEXT PREY LAY A QUARTER OF A MILE AHEAD.

THIS TIME, WE ENGAGE FROM FOUR HUNDRED METRES... ANOTHER SHOCKWAVE LIKE THE LAST AND MY AIRCRAFT WILL BE FIT FOR THE SCRAP-HEAP!



THE CANNON ON 'G FOR GEORGE' HAD NO TRACER IN THEIR BELTS. TRACER TRAILS MIGHT HAVE GIVEN THE WHOLE STORY TO WARY GUNNERS WATCHING THE NIGHT SKY! THE SECOND LANCASTER WENT THE SAME WAY AS THE FIRST—SWIFTLY AND VIOLENTLY!



SO DE GROOT MOVED ON ACROSS THE NIGHT SKY LIKE AN AVENGING DEVIL. HE TOOK HIS PREY BY SURPRISE—NOT ONE BRITISH BULLET WAS FIRED BACK! IN ONE HOUR OF FIGHTING, HE BROUGHT DOWN SEVEN BOMBERS...



THE SLAUGHTER FINALLY STOPPED HIGH ABOVE THE FLAME-SCARRED TARGET AREA. A SEARCHLIGHT TOUCHED 'G FOR GEORGE'~ THEN FLICKED AWAY! A RAGGED HAIL OF FLAK PUFFED PAST. THIS WAS DANGER. IT WAS TIME FOR DE GROOT TO RETIRE...

CONTROL- WE GOT SEVEN !-NO COMMENTS HEARD ON ENGLISH WAVELENGTHS-THE OPERATION IS SUCCESSFUL!



DE GROOT DID NOT KNOW IT-- BUT HIS SUCCESS HAD SAVED HIM FROM THE ATTENTIONS OF THE GESTAPO.

FLAPS DOWN
... ALL THROTTLES
BACK !

JAWOHL!



A CERTAIN FRENCH SLAVE-LABOURER HAD BEATEN THE CURFEW THAT NIGHT, HOPING TO POACH RABBITS. HE WAS LYING OUTSIDE KRONFELD AIRFIELD, HIDING FROM THE FLARES, AS THE LANCASTER CAME IN...

THAT'S A BRITISH BOMBER! I'LL MEMORISE THOSE LETTERS AND NUMBERS -- THE RESISTANCE MAY BE INTERESTED!



NEXT DAY, IN A LITTLE KRONFELD CAFE, THE STRANGE INFORMATION WAS PASSED ON...

IT WAS A LANCASTER! OUI! AND THAT'S THE LETTERING I SAW...



Rogue Lancaster

WITHIN A COUPLE OF DAYS, THE NEWS WAS CROSSING GERMANY BY DEVIOUS ROUTES. IT WENT ACROSS THE DUTCH BORDER AND REACHED AMSTERDAM...

LANCASTER BOMBER AT KRONFELD, WESTPHALIA. GERMANS USING IT IDENTIFICATION LETTERS ON PAGE THREE, BOTTOM RIGHT CORNER...

YES, YES - NOT A BAD DAY! LUCKY WE HAVEN'T HAD SNOW!



TEN MILES OUTSIDE AMSTERDAM, JIMMY HORN, FORMER TAIL GUNNER OF 'G FOR GEORGE', LAY UNDER COVER IN A DUTCH MILL. HIS WOUND WAS HEALING AND HE WAS BEING SHUTTLED TO THE COAST ALONG AN ESCAPE ROUTE.

WHY NOT DUMP YOUR AIR FORCE CLOTHING - YOU WON'T NEED IT AFTER TONIGHT! WE'RE SURE TO REACH THE SEA - A BOAT'S WAITING...

SORRY, CHUM, THIS BUNDLE GOES WHERE I GO. THE R.A.F. ARE SO MEAN, THEY FINE YOU HALF A DOLLAR IF YOU LOSE EVEN A RIPCORD HANDLE!



THAT NIGHT, JIMMY WAS LEAVING THE MILL ON THE LAST LEG OF HIS JOURNEY, WHEN A PIECE OF PAPER WAS HANDED TO HIM...

LANCASTER IN GERMAN HANDS - KRONFELD, WESTPHALIA BEARS LETTERS A.R.G.

WE'VE NO RADIO, HERE. WHEN YOU REACH LONDON GIVE INTELLIGENCE THIS!

'BUT THAT'S 'G FOR GEORGE'! MY LANCASTER! HEY-IS SOMEBODY PULLING A FAST ONE?

IT WAS NO STUNT, AS JIMMY SOON REALISED. THE DUTCH WERE DEADLY SERIOUS...

ALL WE KNOW IS THAT THE BOMBER IS AT A GERMAN FIGHTER AIRFIELD! SOMEONE SAW IT COME DOWN THE FLARE PATH A FEW NIGHTS AGO! IT WAS EXPECTED, THERE WAS NO SHOOTING!

BUT OLD DE GROOT WENT MAD WEEKS AGO! OR WAS HE BONKERS? SUPPOSE IT WAS ALL PLANNED...

JIMMY HORN KNEW WHAT HE MUST DO. HE MUST GET BACK TO ENGLAND...

RIGHT! THE SOONER I GET BACK WITH THIS BIT OF INFORMATION THE BETTER.

YOU CAN LEAVE TONIGHT, MY FRIEND.

42
Chapter 3. Hound of War

THERE WAS NO DOUBT ABOUT IT - DE GROOT WAS POPULAR WITH LUFTWAFFE HIGH COMMAND. ON THE LAST GREAT RAID, FIFTEEN LANCS HAD BEEN ACCOUNTED FOR - AND 'G FOR GEORGE' HAD NAILED SEVEN.

THEY'LL BE GIVING YOU AN IRON CROSS, DE GROOT! AS FOR US, WE LOSE AS MANY FIGHTERS AS WE BRING DOWN BOMBERS!

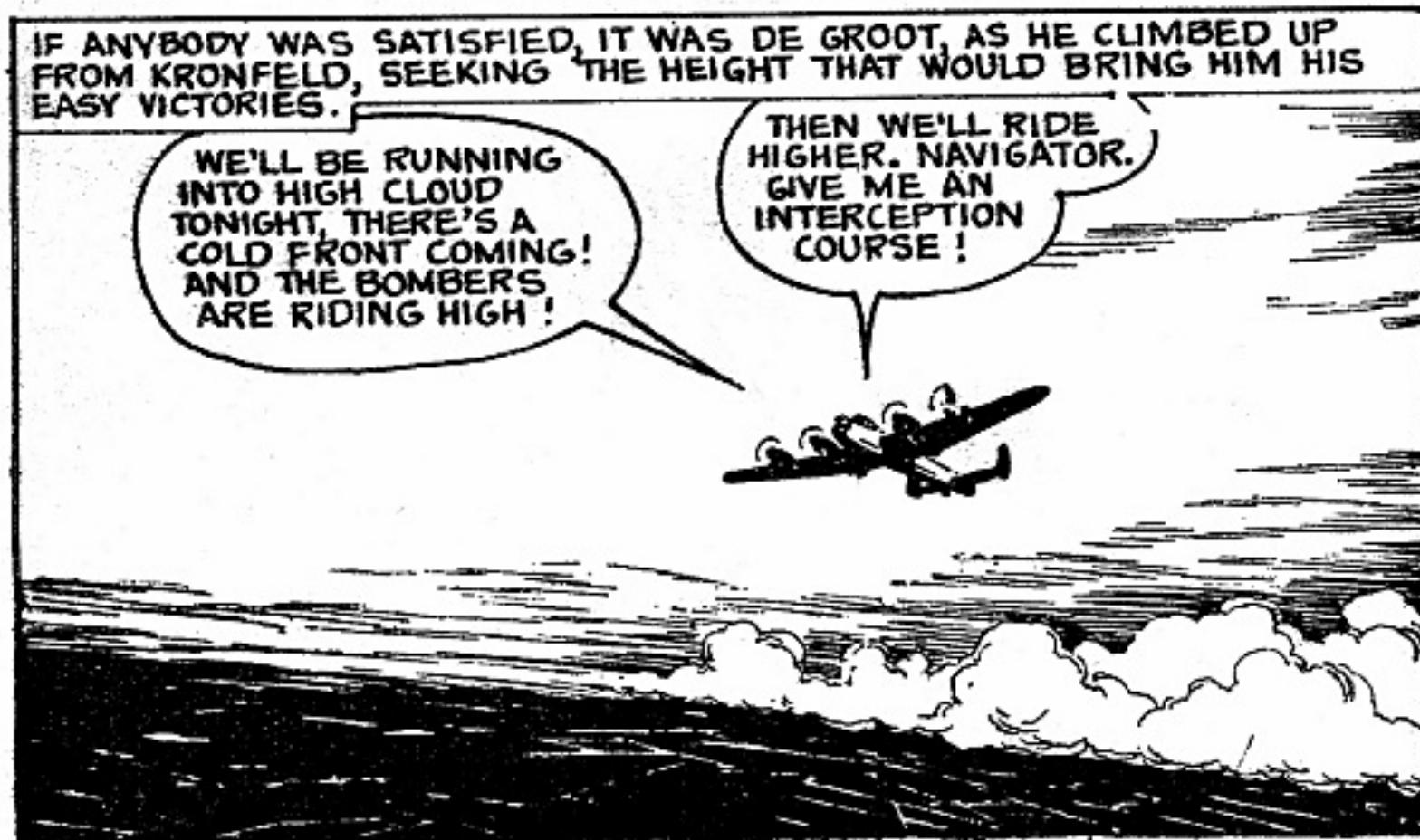
COME ON, JUMP TO IT! RADAR WARNING IS JUST COMING IN. ANOTHER BIG RAID TONIGHT!



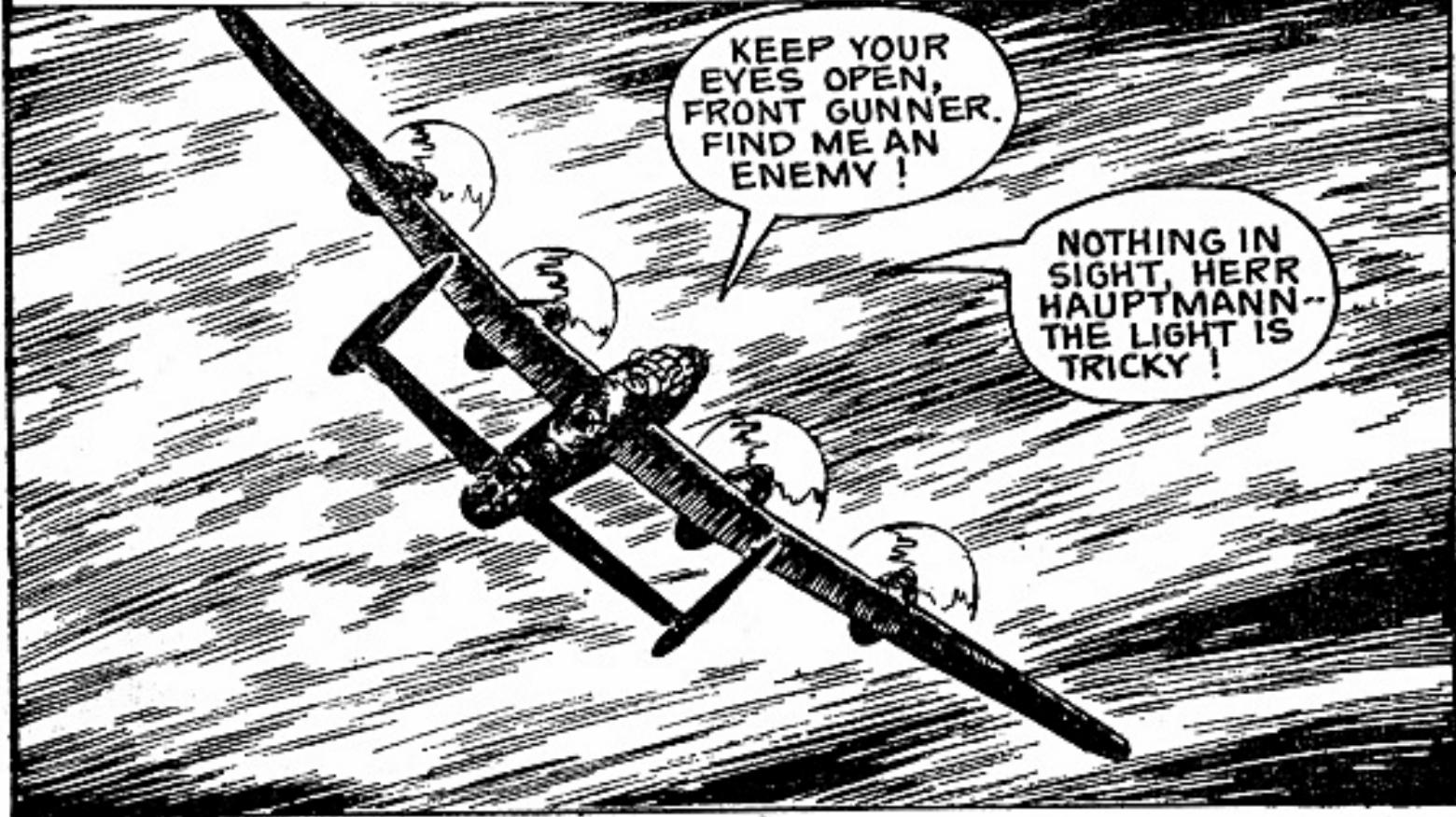
IF ANYBODY WAS SATISFIED, IT WAS DE GROOT, AS HE CLIMBED UP FROM KRONFELD, SEEKING THE HEIGHT THAT WOULD BRING HIM HIS EASY VICTORIES.

WE'LL BE RUNNING INTO HIGH CLOUD TONIGHT, THERE'S A COLD FRONT COMING! AND THE BOMBERS ARE RIDING HIGH!

THEN WE'LL RIDE HIGHER. NAVIGATOR. GIVE ME AN INTERCEPTION COURSE!



BUT THAT NIGHT THE OBSCURING CLOUD BAFFLED DE GROOT, AS HE SWUNG DOWN FROM 25,000 FEET TO ATTACK THE UNSEEN TAIL OF THE BOMBER STREAM, ONE MILE BELOW...



THEN SUDDENLY 'G FOR GEORGE' WAS AMONG THE LANCASTERS, A BOX OF BOMBERS, FLYING IN CLOSE FORMATION. DE GROOT HAD MISJUDGED HIS POSITION-- AND DARE NOT OPEN FIRE!

WE'LL HAVE TO DROP BACK! IF WE SHOOT AT ONE, THE OTHERS WILL HAVE TIME TO BRING THEIR GUNS TO BEAR. ALL SURPRISE WILL BE GONE! BACK THROTTLES!



Rogue Lancaster

BUT ONCE AGAIN, DE GROOT HAD HIT UPON 706 SQUADRON! AS HIS GLOWING CRAFT SLID BACK, IT WAS SCANNED BY THE C.O. HIMSELF--- SQUADRON-LEADER PHILLIPS!

GOOD GRIEF!
THIS IS IMPOSSIBLE!
LOOK AT THOSE
MARKINGS! DE
GROOT'S BEEN
WRITTEN OFF FOR
A MONTH!

AND THE
MACHINE'S
GLOWING! WE'VE
GOT A JINX,
SKIPPER--WE'RE
LOOKING AT A
GHOST!



BUT PHILLIPS DID NOT BELIEVE IN GHOSTS -- AND HE WAS AS HARD-HEADED AS THEY COME! HE FLICKED ON HIS R.T. SWITCH...

706 SQUADRON--
WE'VE GOT A
STRANGER IN OUR MIDST!
HE'S CARRYING OUR 'G FOR
GEORGE' MARKING, BUT I
DON'T BELIEVE IT! GET
YOUR GUNS ON HIM, QUICK!

YOU THINK IT MAY
BE A JERRY?



AS BEFORE, DE GROOT HAD HIS RADIO ON THE BRITISH WAVELENGTHS... AND HE WENT WHITE WITH FURY AS HE REALISED THAT THE GAME WAS UP! HE SWIFTLY IDENTIFIED PHILLIPS' LANCASTER...

TAIL GUNNER! BRING DOWN THAT 'K' MACHINE.
MOVE, YOU IMBECILE!
GIVE IT ALL YOU'VE GOT!

IDENTIFY YOURSELF,
'G FOR GEORGE.'



EXPLODING CANNON SHELLS RIPPED INTO THE FRAGILE HULL OF 'K FOR KENNETH' AND PHILLIPS KNEW THAT IT WAS CURTAINS.

GET THAT PLANE,
BOYS-GET HIM!

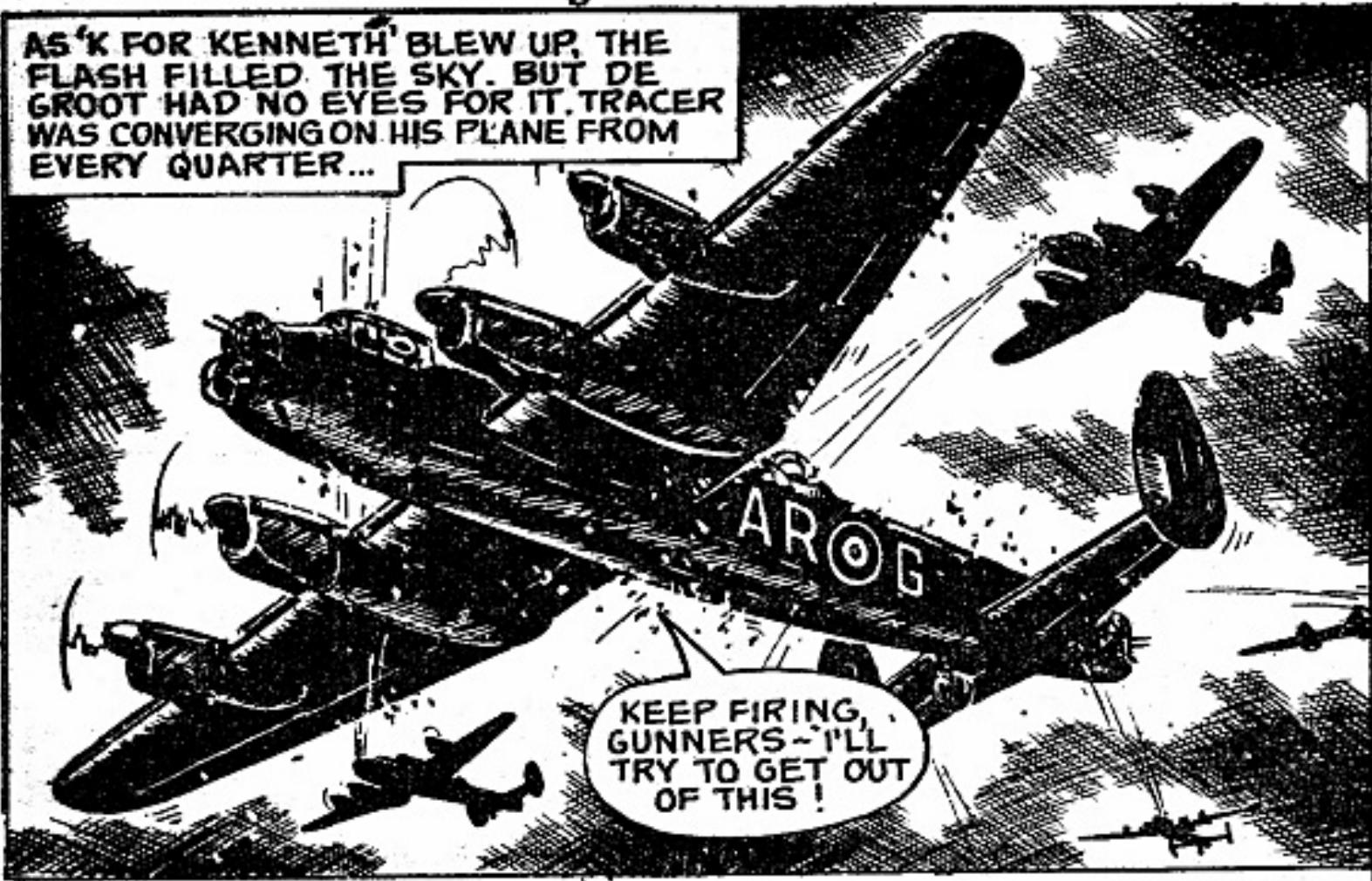


STREAMING HUGE FRONDS OF FIRE PHILLIPS' DOOMED LANCASTER FELL FROM THE SKY. BUT AS IT WENT, THE C.O.'S LAST FIGHTING YELL CRACKLED IN THE HEADPHONES OF A DOZEN AIRCRAFT -- AND DE GROOTS WAS AMONG THEM.

IF YOU DON'T GET HIM I'LL COME BACK MYSELF - WITH ALL THE DEAD MEN THAT TRAITOR'S GUNS HAVE NAILED ---!



AS 'K FOR KENNETH' BLEW UP, THE FLASH FILLED THE SKY. BUT DE GROOT HAD NO EYES FOR IT. TRACER WAS CONVERGING ON HIS PLANE FROM EVERY QUARTER...

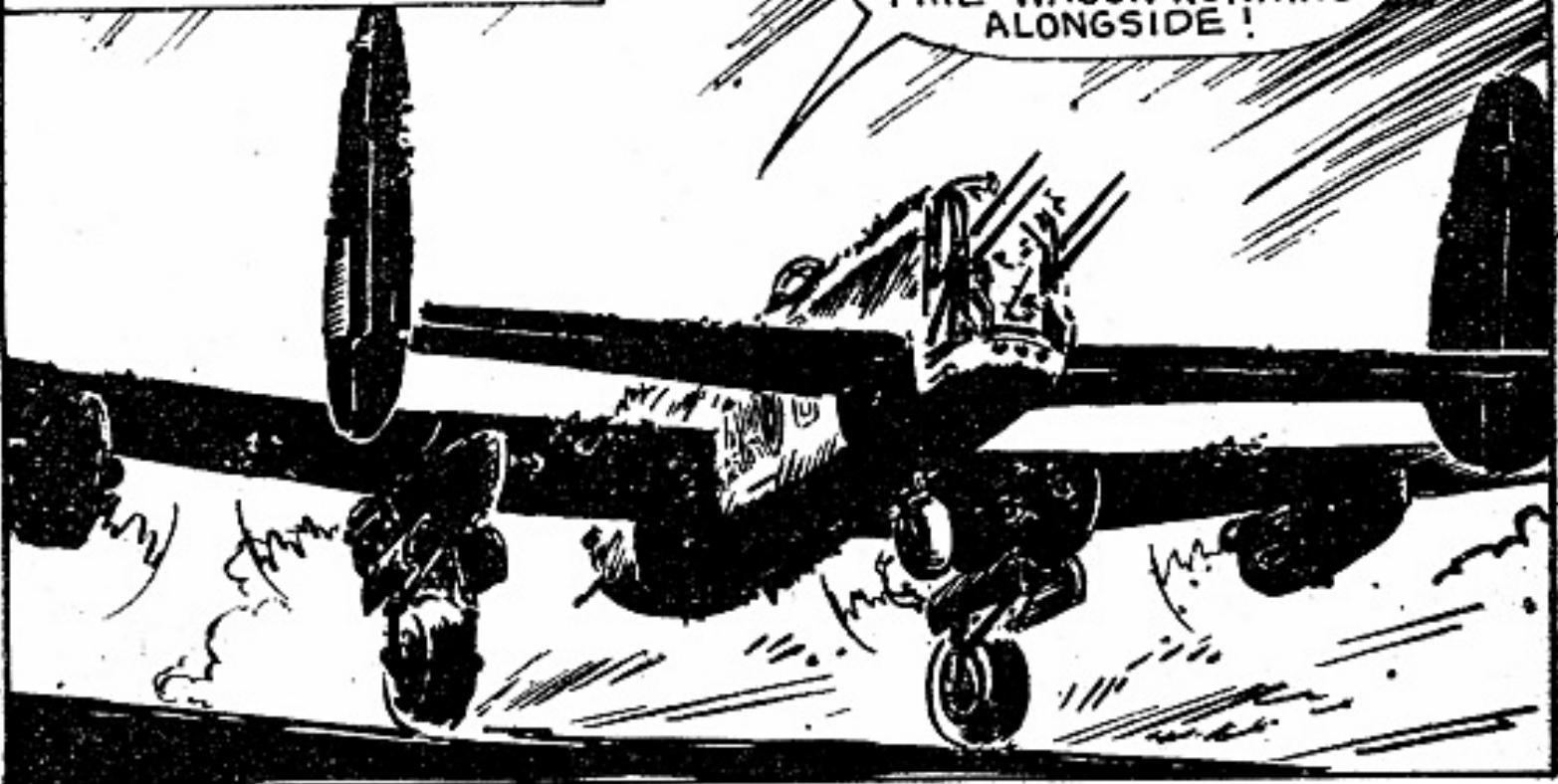


WITH VIOLENT FORCE, DE GROOT NOSE-DIVED 'G FOR GEORGE' INTO THE YAWNING GULF BELOW. BUT HIS PLANE WAS RAKED FROM STEM TO STERN -- AND HIS CREW WERE DEAD MEN...



THE TATTERED BOMBER THAT LIMPED BACK HALF AN HOUR LATER TO THE KRONFELD FLARE PATH WAS A FLYING COFFIN...

YES, CONTROL~ I'M BACK EARLY~ AND YOU'LL SOON FIND OUT WHY ! HAVE THE AMBULANCE WAITING AND GET THAT FIRE- WAGON RUNNING ALONGSIDE !



'G FOR GEORGE' MADE IT IN ONE PIECE . IT WAS DE GROOT'S BAD LUCK TO FIND THAT LUFT-MARSHAL HAUPSIG WAS ON THE STATION THAT NIGHT. HE WAS A MAN WHO HAD NO TIME FOR FAILURE ...

WHAT DOES THIS FAT IDIOT KNOW OF THE DANGERS I HAVE TO RUN...?

THERE IS NO EXCUSE, FOOL ! YOU'VE KILLED YOUR CREW-- ALMOST DESTROYED THE PLANE AND THE BRITISH ARE PROBABLY WISE TO YOU BY NOW !



THAT NIGHT, DE GROOT
SAT IN HIS QUARTERS IN
A TOWERING RAGE...

SO THIS IS THE
REWARD I GET FOR
MY YEARS OF SERVICE
TO THE REICH! VERY
WELL! I'LL SHOW
THEM!



THE NEXT MORNING, DE GROOT
WAS UP EARLY. A SLIGHT MIST
HUNG OVER THE AIRFIELD AS
HE MADE HIS WAY TOWARDS
THE BATTERED 'G FOR GEORGE!



THE GERMAN MECHANICS
WERE SWARMING OVER THE
AIRCRAFT AS DE GROOT
ENTERED THE HANGAR.

I WANT
THIS MACHINE READY
FOR FLIGHT IN
TWO DAYS...

BUT THAT
IS NOT
POSSIBLE.

DO NOT
ARGUE.. TWO
DAYS, I
SAID!

JAN DE GROOT WAS DETERMINED TO
PROVE HIS WORTH BY DESTROYING
EVEN MORE BRITISH BOMBERS AT THE
NEXT OPPORTUNITY. HIS VERY LIFE
DEPENDED UPON IT NOW.



Chapter 4. Price of Treachery

BACK IN ENGLAND, A SMALL FIGURE WALKED INTO THE C.O.'S OFFICE WITH A CAREFREE STRIDE. JIMMY HORN HAD WORKED HIS WAY SWIFTLY ACROSS HOLLAND AND NOW HE WAS HOME WITH HIS INFORMATION...

I'VE JUST READ YOUR REPORT, HORN. I DON'T THINK THERE CAN BE ANY DOUBT NOW THAT DE GROOT IS FLYING 'G FOR GEORGE' FOR THE ENEMY.

IT JUST DOESN'T SEEM POSSIBLE THAT DE GROOT COULD BE A TRAITOR, SIR...

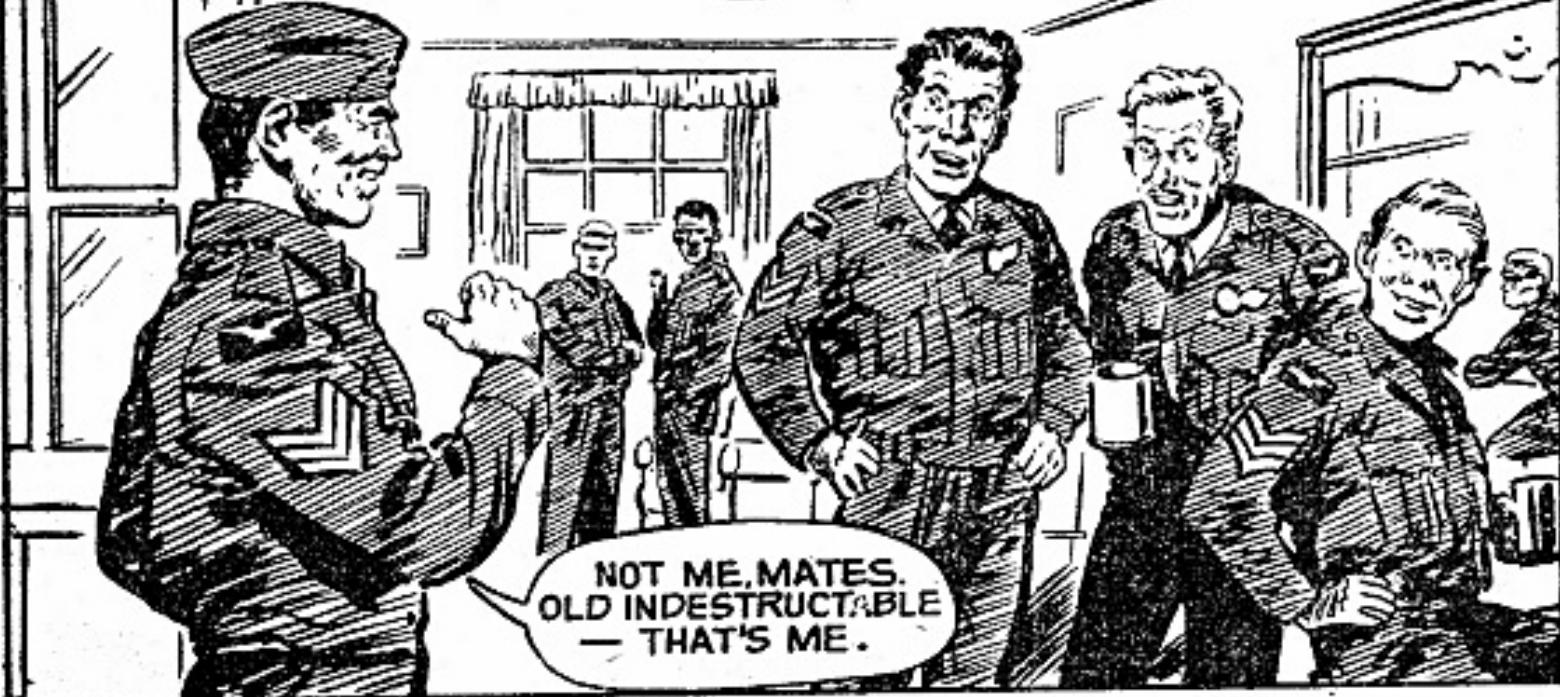
I KNOW, HORN. BUT SPIES ARE CLEVER PEOPLE, THEY ALWAYS SEEM TO BE THE ONES YOU LEAST SUSPECT.

WE KNOW WHAT TO EXPECT NOW, SIR. I DON'T THINK DE GROOT'LL GET AWAY WITH IT AGAIN.

LATER THAT SAME DAY, JIMMY HORN MADE HIS WAY TO THE AIRCREW MESS.

LUMME!
JIMMY HORN...

WE THOUGHT YOU'D GOT THE CHOP...



HIS OLD FRIENDS CLUSTERED ROUND JIMMY AS HE RELATED HIS STORY YET AGAIN.

'6 FOR GEORGE' AND DE GROOT SITTING ON KRONFELD AIRSTRIP JUST WAITING TO GIVE US THE CHOP.

NOW WE KNOW THE C.O. WASN'T OFF HIS ROCKER WHEN HE GOT SHOT DOWN.



IF I EVER GET DE GROOT IN MY SIGHTS, I'LL MAKE HIM PAY FOR MURDERING MY PALS...



NEXT MORNING, JIMMY HORN WAS ASSIGNED TO HIS CREW. HE DID NOT HAVE LONG TO WAIT FOR ANOTHER CRACK AT AN ENEMY TARGET. THAT SAME NIGHT, THEY WERE TO LEAVE FOR EMDEN...

IT'LL BE A CLEAR NIGHT SO THERE'S NO EXCUSE FOR INACCURATE BOMBING. TAKE OFF WILL BE AT NINETEEN-THIRTY...



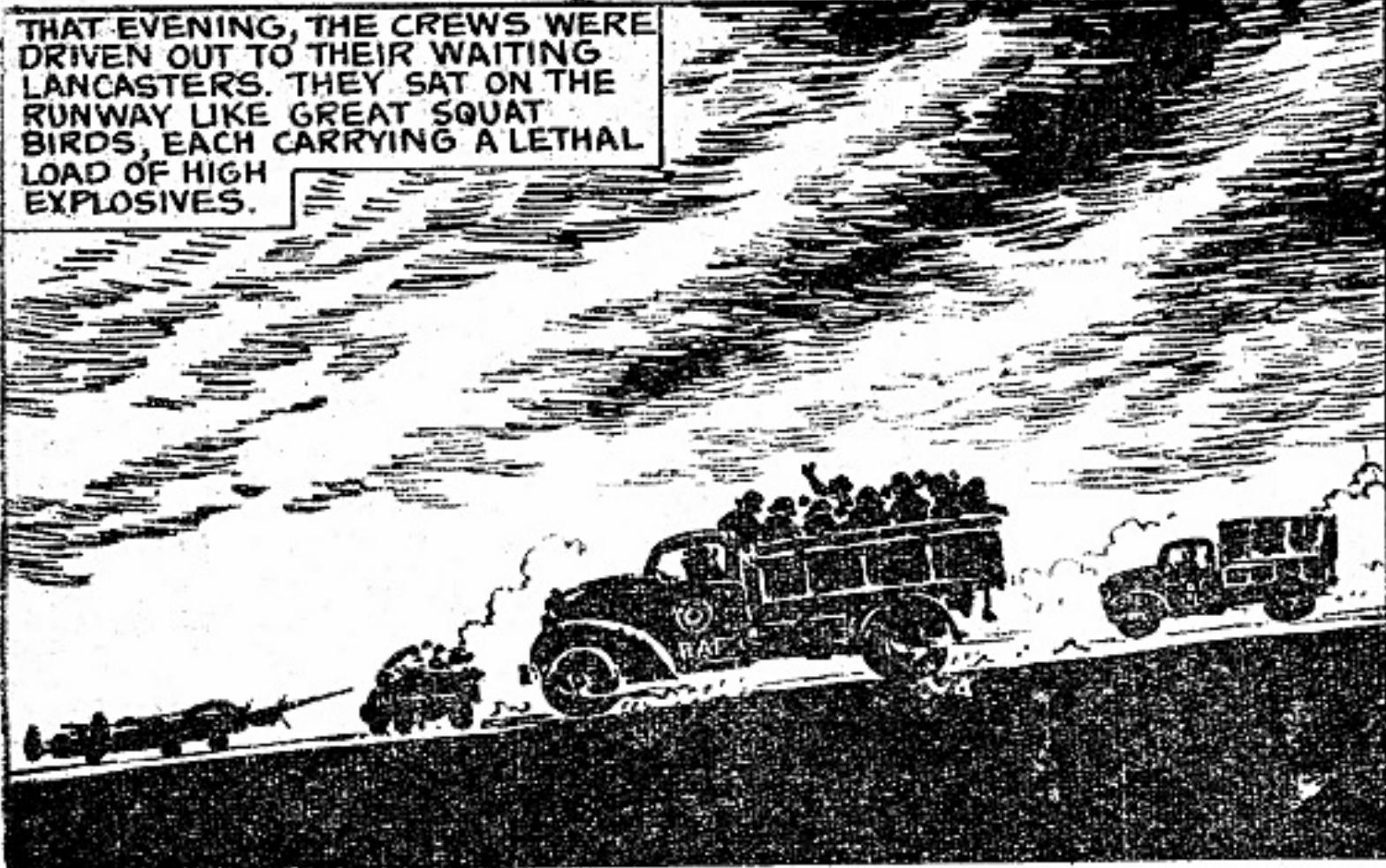
AS THE CREWS LEFT THE BRIEFING ROOM, THE TALK TURNED TO THE PIRATE '6 FOR GEORGE.'

LOOKS AS THOUGH YOU MIGHT GET A CRACK AT DE GROOT SOONER THAN YOU THOUGHT, JIMMY.

YES, SIR,
LET'S HOPE
HE DOESN'T
GET US
FIRST...



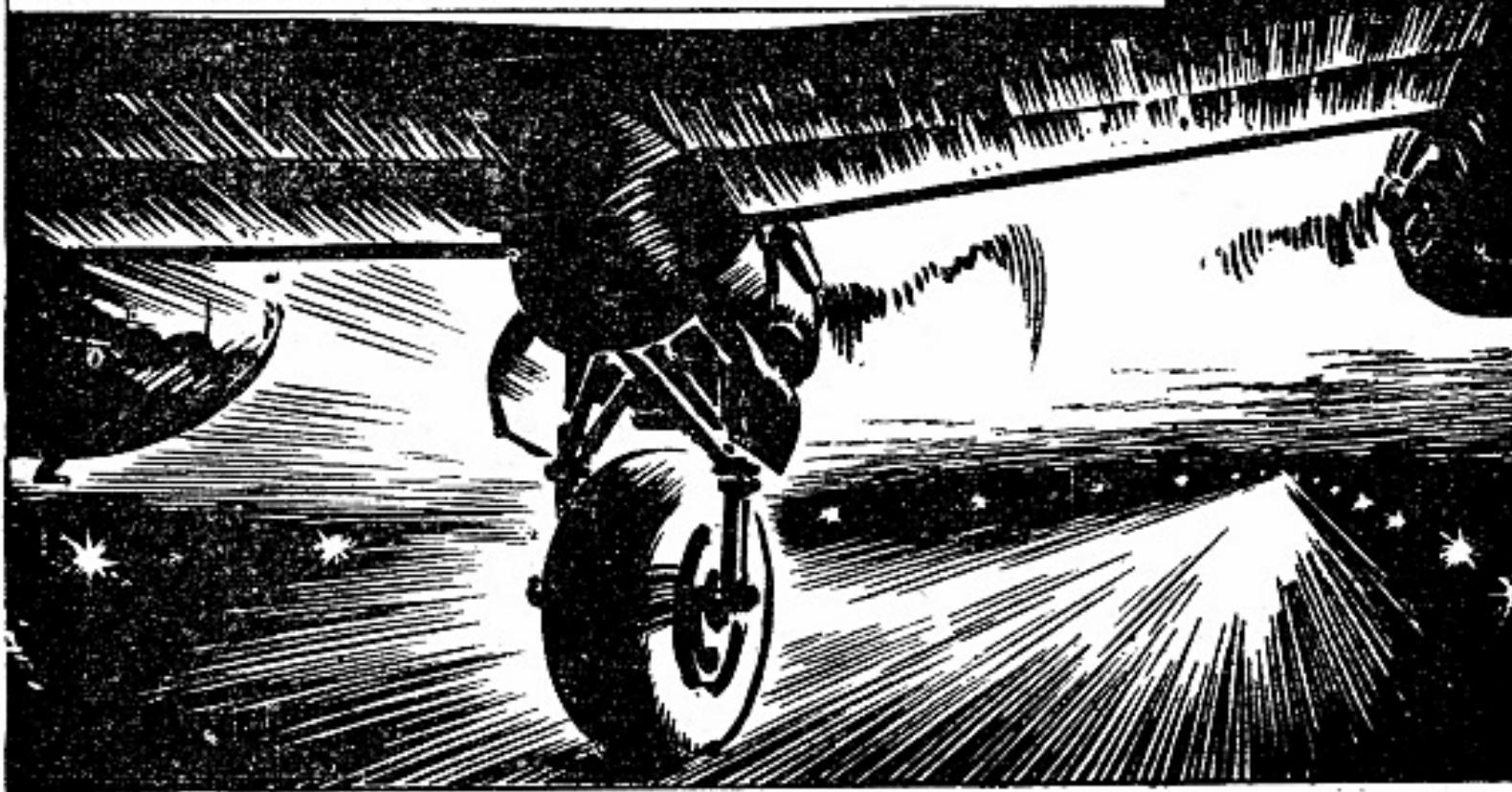
THAT EVENING, THE CREWS WERE DRIVEN OUT TO THEIR WAITING LANCASTERS. THEY SAT ON THE RUNWAY LIKE GREAT SQUAT BIRDS, EACH CARRYING A LETHAL LOAD OF HIGH EXPLOSIVES.



JIMMY EASED HIMSELF INTO HIS GUN TURRET. HE TURNED THE TURRET THROUGH ITS FULL TRAVERSE AND COCKED HIS GUNS IN READINESS FOR THE BATTLE TO COME. THEN THE HARSH VOICE OF THE PILOT CRACKLED INTO THE INTERCOM.

ALL RIGHT,
CHAPS. HERE
WE GO...

THE GIANT AIRCRAFT WADDLED DOWN THE RUNWAY, ITS ENGINES ROARING IN THE STILL NIGHT. A SLIGHT FLICK OF THE RUDDER AND IT WAS LINED UP, THE LIGHTS ON EACH SIDE STRETCHING INTO THE DISTANCE.



AS THE LANCASTER LURCHED FORWARD, JIMMY HORN FELT THE ACCELERATION THROW HIM FORWARD IN HIS SEAT BUT HIS THOUGHTS WERE ELSEWHERE...

RIGHT, JERRY, COME HUNTING TONIGHT... I FEEL LUCKY...



AS SOON AS THEY WERE AIRBORNE, THE PILOT TURNED TOWARDS THE RENDEZVOUS POINT. THERE THEY MET UP WITH THE OTHER BOMBER STREAMS ALL MAKING THEIR WAY TOWARDS THE ENEMY TARGET.



COURSE OH-EIGHT-OH MAGNETIC, SKIPPER.

ROGER, NAVIGATOR.

IN A MATTER OF MINUTES, THE BOMBER ARMADA WAS OVER THE COAST OF HOLLAND AND WITHIN RANGE OF THE GERMAN RADAR STATIONS DOTTED ALONG THE COAST. AT KRONFELD, DE GROOT WAS WARNED TO GET HIS AIRCRAFT IN THE AIR...



I TRUST WE SHALL SEE BETTER RESULTS THIS TIME, DE GROOT...

AND DON'T FORGET TO KEEP TO YOUR OWN SECTOR...

TONIGHT THERE WILL BE NO MISTAKES.

DE GROOT TOOK THE AIRCRAFT UP IN A STEEP CLIMB, ENDEAVOURING TO GET ABOVE THE APPROACHING STREAMS OF ENGLISH BOMBERS.

WE SHOULD BE OVER THEIR POSITION IN ONE MINUTE.

IT IS A FINE CLEAR NIGHT. OUR JOB SHOULD BE EASY.

A WARNING SHOUT GAVE DE GROOT HIS FIRST REPORT OF THE APPROACHING LANCASTERS...

ENEMY FORMATION DIRECTLY AHEAD AND BELOW, HERR HAUPTMANN.



AS THE FORMATIONS OF LANCASTERS SWEPT BENEATH HIM, DE GROOT SLID HIS AIRCRAFT IN BEHIND THEM. GRADUALLY, HE CLOSED THE GAP BETWEEN HIS PLANE AND THE BOMBER THAT WAS LAST IN LINE...

DO NOT SHOOT UNTIL I GIVE THE WORD, GUNNERS...



DE GROOT EDGED HIS AIRCRAFT CLOSER TO THE UNSUSPECTING LANCASTER. THEN...

ALL GUNS TO BEAR FIRE!



THE CREW OF THE LANCASTER DID NOT HAVE TIME TO TAKE EVASIVE ACTION. THE SCREECHING CANNON SHELLS TORE INTO HER HULL AND HER TWO THOUSAND POUND BOMBS EXPLODED...



JIMMY HORN SAW THE EXPLOSION AND MORE BESIDES. THERE, LIT BY THE FLASH, WAS 'G FOR GEORGE'.

SKIPPER! IT'S G FOR GEORGE! HE'S GOT SOME POOR DEVIL!

OKAY, TAIL AM TAKING EVASIVE ACTION.. NOW!



THE GIANT BOMBER ROLLED SICKENINGLY, DROPPING A THOUSAND FEET IN THE SAME INSTANT. FROM 'G FOR GEORGE', DE GROOT SAW THE ACTION AND DECIDED TO GIVE CHASE.

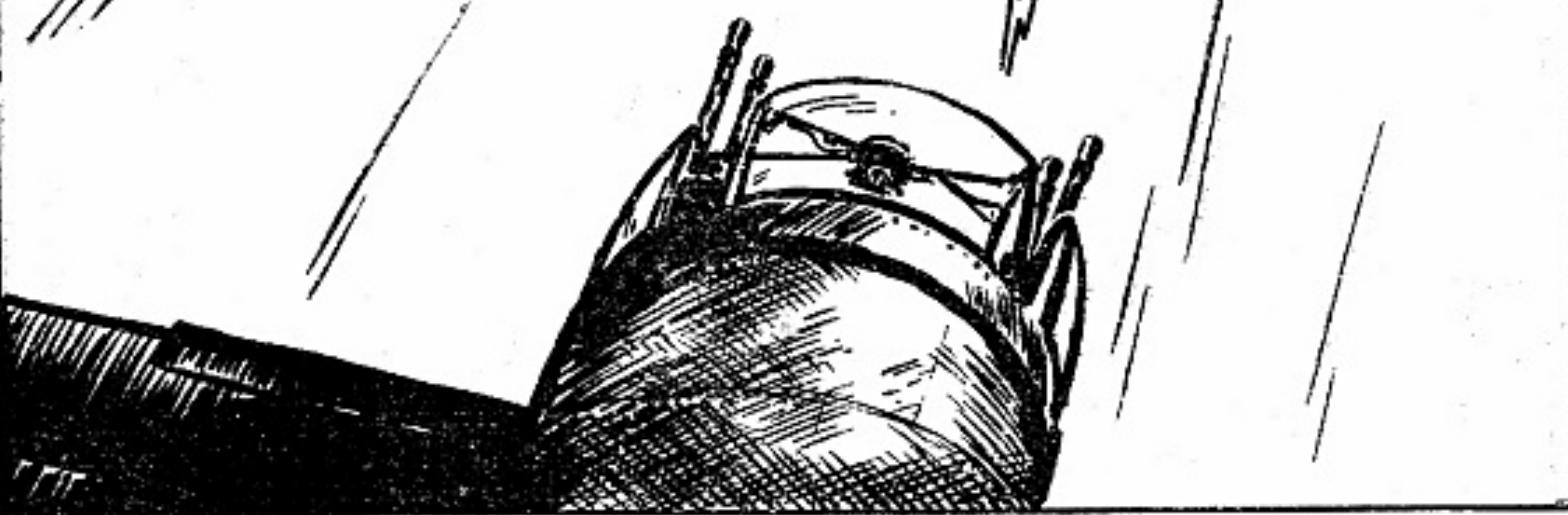
SO YOU
THINK YOU CAN
ESCAPE ME!
WE SHALL
SEE...



JIMMY SAW 'G FOR GEORGE' DIVE AFTER THEM. HE GAVE A WARNING SHOUT TO HIS SKIPPER...

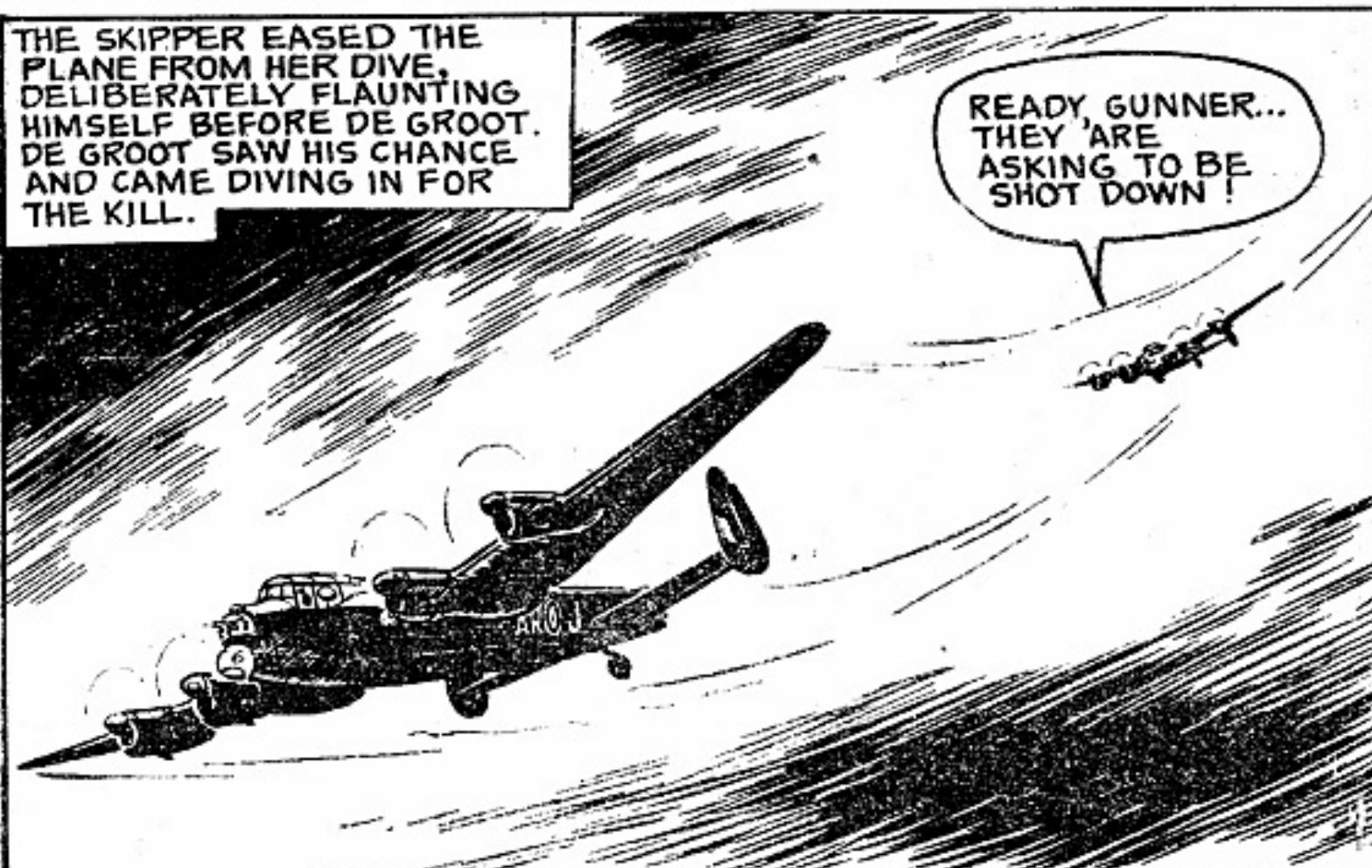
PIRATE GIVING CHASE, SKIPPER. I'LL GIVE HIM A BURST...

ALL RIGHT, TAIL. LEVELLING OUT NOW.



THE SKIPPER EASED THE PLANE FROM HER DIVE, DELIBERATELY FLAUNTING HIMSELF BEFORE DE GROOT. DE GROOT SAW HIS CHANCE AND CAME DIVING IN FOR THE KILL.

READY, GUNNER... THEY ARE ASKING TO BE SHOT DOWN!

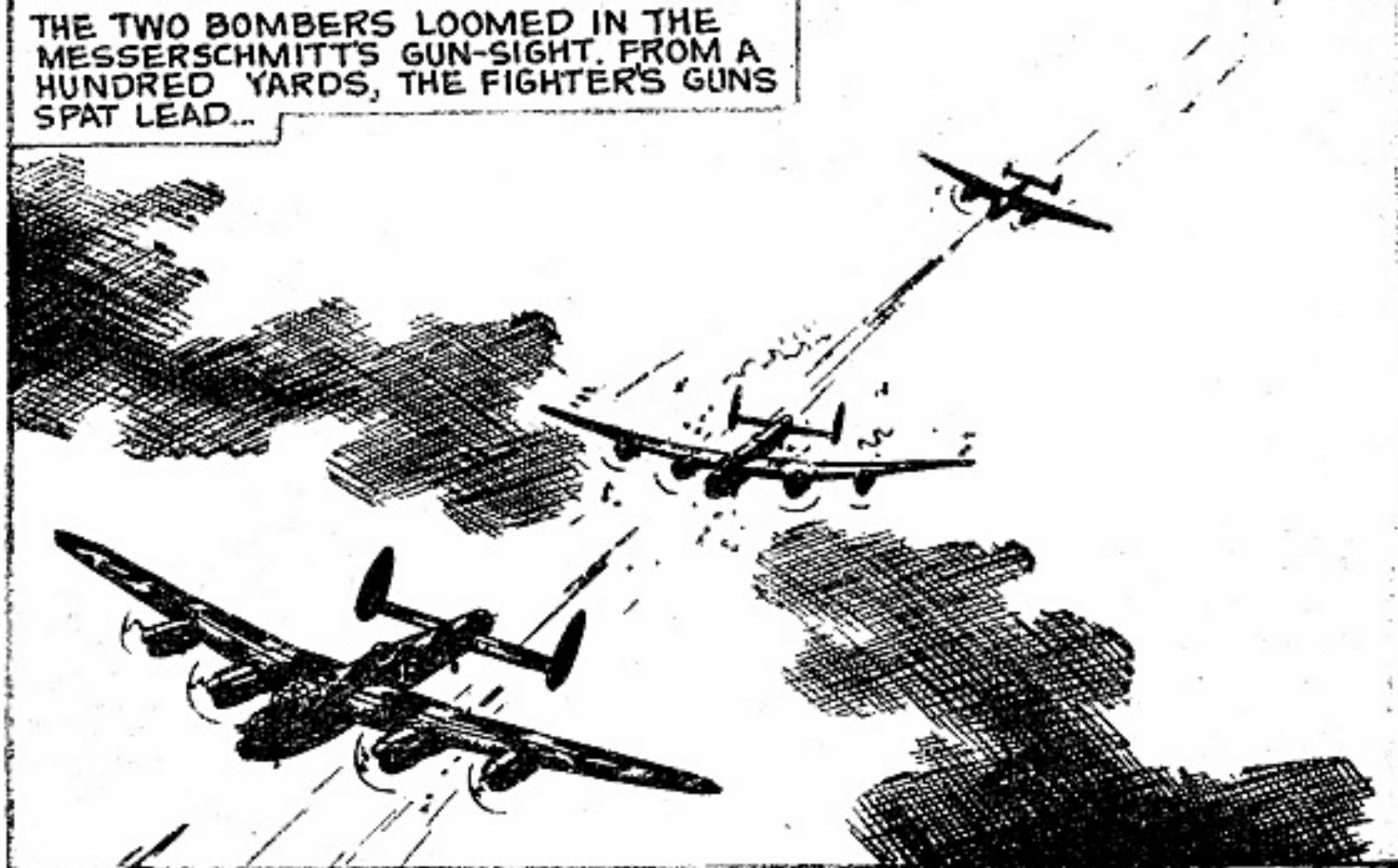


BUT JAN DE GROOT WAS NOT THE ONLY PILOT TO PUT HIS PLANE INTO A SCREAMING DIVE...

TWO ENEMY BOMBERS HAVE BROKEN FORMATION. I AM ATTACKING...



THE TWO BOMBERS LOOMED IN THE MESSERSCHMITT'S GUN-SIGHT. FROM A HUNDRED YARDS, THE FIGHTER'S GUNS SPAT LEAD...

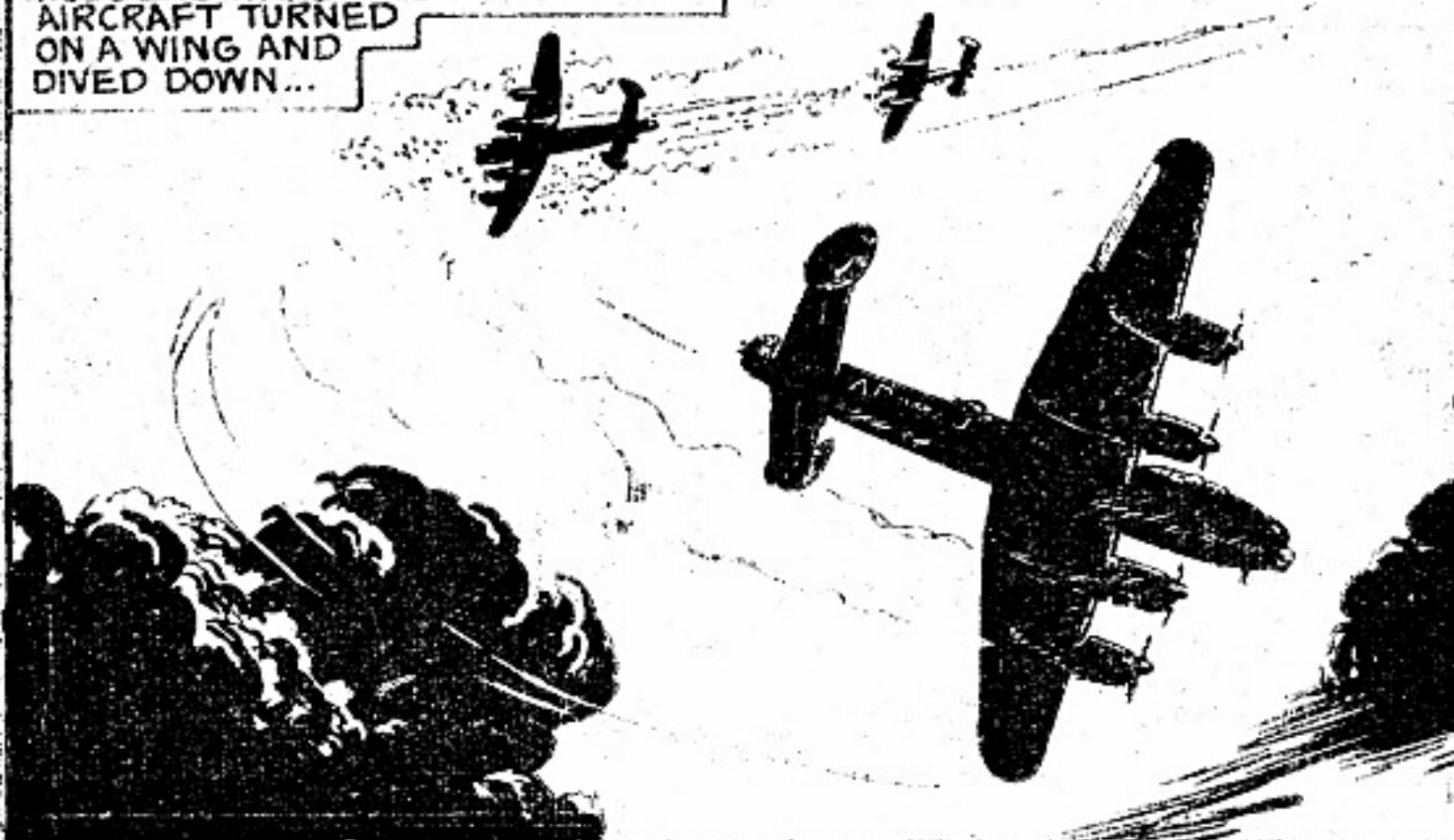


JIMMY HORN WAS ABOUT TO SQUEEZE THE TRIGGER OF HIS BROWNING WHEN HE SAW THE NAZI FIGHTER DROPPING ON TO 'G FOR GEORGE' HE SHOUTED AN URGENT WARNING TO HIS SKIPPER ...

NIGHT FIGHTER!
BREAK TO PORT,
SKIPPER...

ROGER,
TAIL!

THE LANCASTER BUCKED VIOLENTLY AS THE PILOT THREW THE RUDDERS HARD OVER. THE GIANT AIRCRAFT TURNED ON A WING AND DIVED DOWN...



INSIDE 'G FOR GEORGE', DE GROOT DESPERATELY TOOK EVASIVE ACTION... BUT IT WAS TOO LATE! THE FIRST BURST FROM THE MESSERSCHMITT HAD TAKEN ITS TOLL OF THE CREW. WITH THE RADIO OPERATOR DEAD IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE FOR DE GROOT TO WARN OFF HIS ATTACKER...

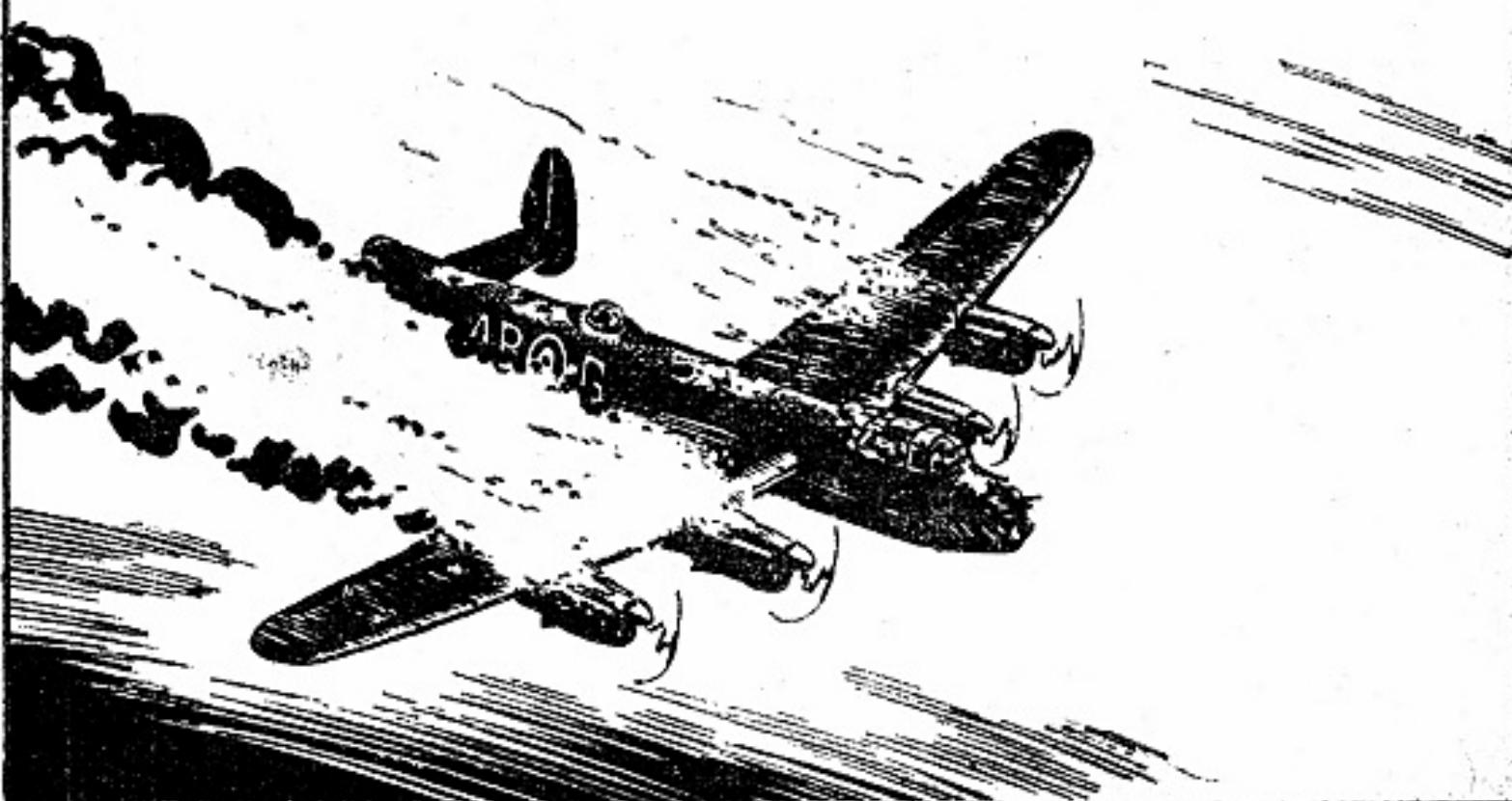


THE FIGHTER DIVED IN FOR THE KILL. A LETHAL BURST FROM HIS MACHINE GUNS TORE GREAT HOLES IN THE STARBOARD WING. THE OUTER ENGINE COUGHED AND SPUN TO A STOP. THEN A GOUT OF FLAME ENGULFED THE COWLING...

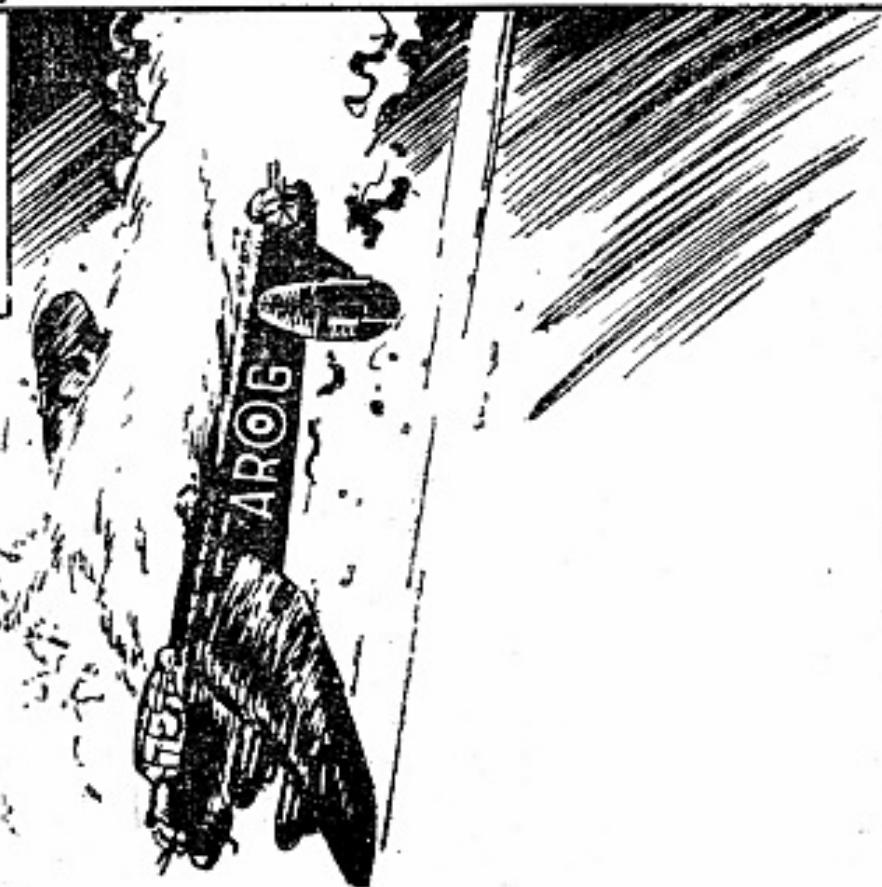
THE FOOL!
DOES HE NOT
KNOW WHO
I AM?



'G FOR GEORGE' WURCHED WILDLY AS THE FLAMES TOOK HOLD FANNED BY THE RACING SLIPSTREAM, THEY SPREAD ALONG THE LENGTH OF THE WING.



THERE WAS NOTHING THAT HAUPTMANN JAN DE GROOT COULD DO. HIS AIRCRAFT WAS A FLAMING TORCH AS IT DROPPED LIKE A STONE FROM THE SKY. THE WING CRUMPLED LIKE PAPER AND 'G FOR GEORGE' SPUN WILDLY DOWN.



JIMMY HORN'S VOICE WAS TRIUMPHANT AS HE WATCHED THE FLAMING LANCASTER.

A FIGHTER GOT HIM, SKIPPER! A JERRY FIGHTER, BY JINGO! THAT'S THE LAST TIME DE GROOT WILL ACT THE TRAITOR!



IN HIS EAGERNESS FOR AN EASY KILL,
JAN DE GROOT HAD TAKEN HIS AIRCRAFT
OUT OF ITS SECTOR, DIRECTLY INTO THE
LINE OF FIRE OF ONE OF HIS OWN
FIGHTERS...



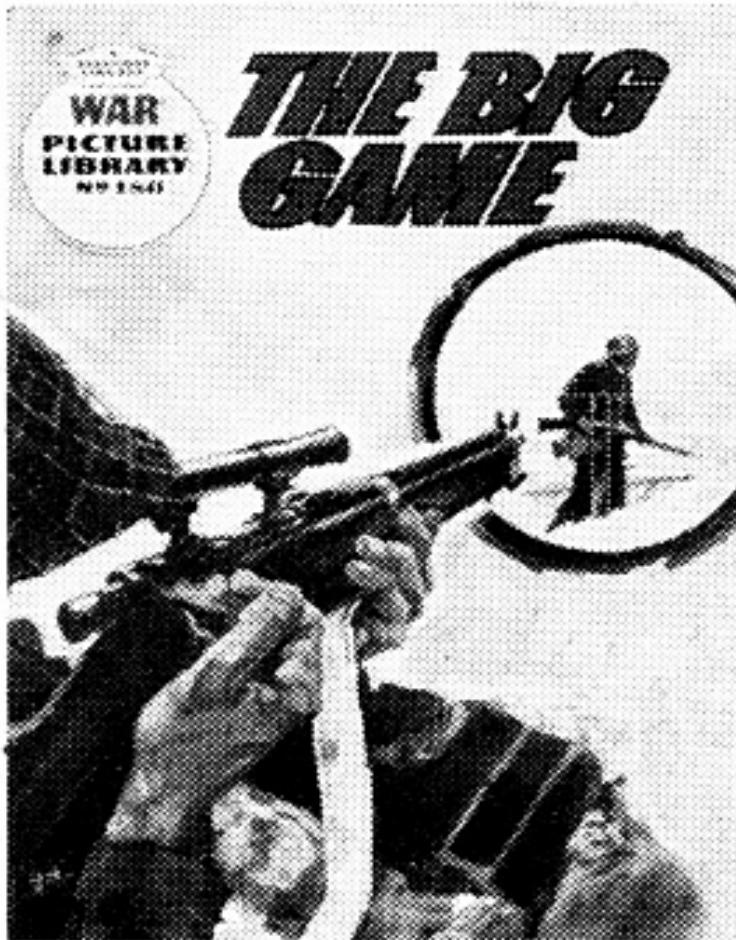
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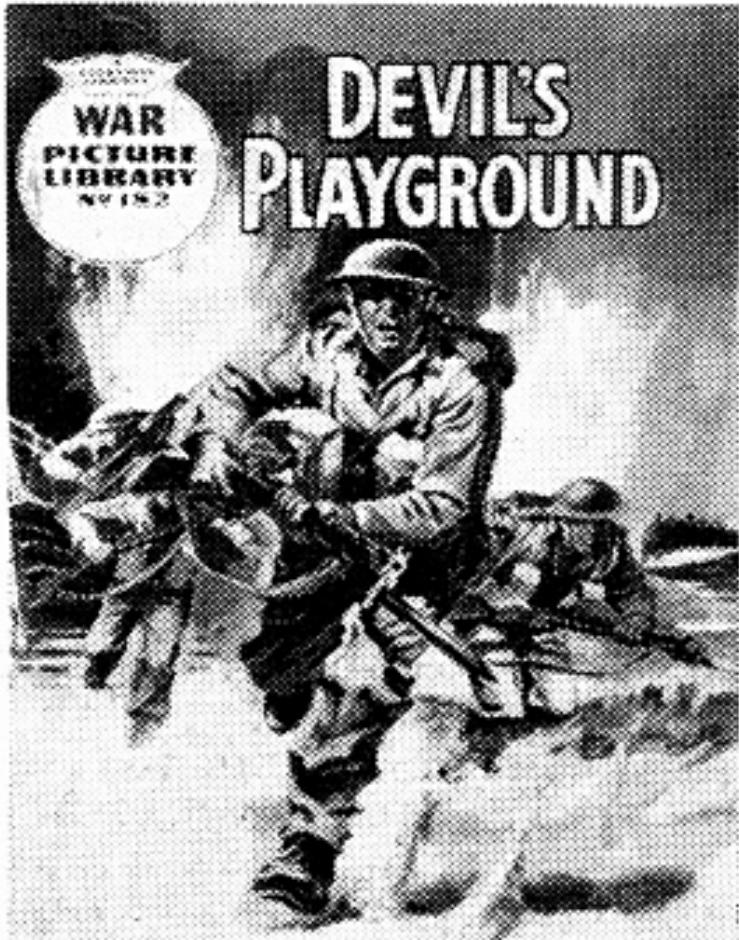
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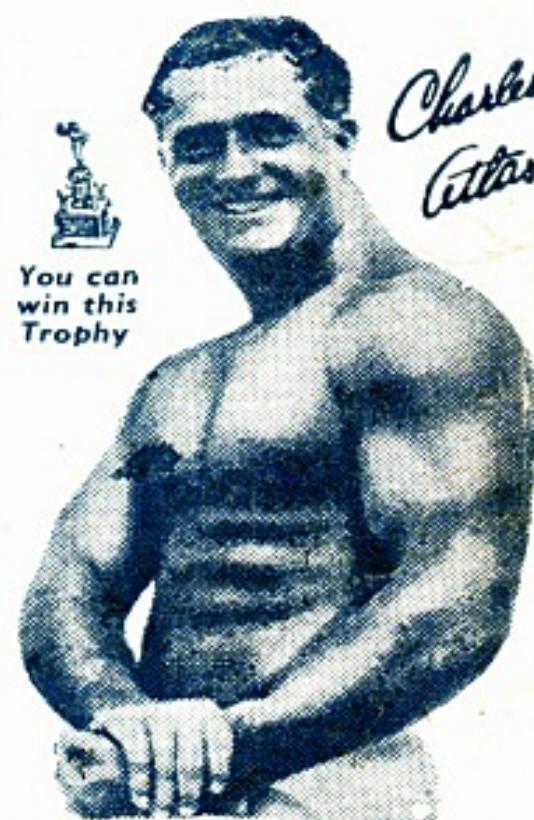
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